THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 12, for December, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. Portrait of Mrs. SIDDONS.
2. Fashionable Morning DRESS.
3. Evening DRESS.
4. New Patterns for BORDERS, &c.

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Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;
where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

In our Magazine for January, we intend to give an elegant FRONTISPICE *allusive to a very interesting event —a correct and well-engraved Portrait of* EARL MOIRA *— a new* PATTERN *for Needle-work—and an improved Plate of the* FASHIONS, *accompanied with a more ample description, and more satisfactory explanations, than we have hitherto given.*

The "*Grammatical and Philological Bagatelles*" of *Aristarchus* are intended for insertion. A part of them shall appear in our Magazine for January; and we request a continuation.

The communications of a "*Female Observer*" will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to our fair readers.

Mr. *Lacey's* "*Ruined Farmer's Lamentation*" is come to hand, and shall appear in our Magazine for January.

Marina's "*Maid of the Valley*" shall appear at the same time.

We cannot admit the communication from "*Sarah,*" of *Chelmsford,* and beg leave to decline her future correspondence.

The pieces from our *Wiltshire* correspondent, *J—n S—m,* do not suit us.

C. J. S.'s lines "*To Mary*" are inadmissible.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1812.

Modern Life *delineated.*

(*Continued from page* 493.)

On the following morning, Mrs. Pope's carriage was at Mr. Lloyd's door by six o'clock. Emma was so impatient to be on her journey, that she leaped into it without recollecting that she had not taken leave of either her father or sister. Gertrude went up to the coach door, and, with a low voice, said, "Emma, you have not wished my father a good morning."—"How stupid I am!" cried Emma—"I am quite vexed that I have been so remiss."

As they returned into the house, they met Mr. Lloyd, who tenderly kissed Emma, and wished she might obtain every pleasure she hoped to enjoy. Emma was affected with his kind solicitude; and, pressing his hand to her lips, she fervently assured him, that, amidst all her enjoyments, she never would forget her home.

Mr. Lloyd and Gertrude walked down the lane, with their eyes fixed upon the carriage, until it turned the side of the mountain, and was hid from their view. "The acuteness of your sister's feelings," said Mr. Lloyd, as they returned toward home, "alarms me beyond measure. A few years ago, I imputed it merely to the petulance and inconsistency of childhood: but now, when her character ought to be established upon a firm basis, I find this dangerous propensity has gained an influence over her mind, which, I fear, will never be eradicated. Every character must be highly defective, without firmness of mind: for the want of that necessary virtue saps the foundation of every other. If Emma had not been educated under my own roof, I should have attributed this weakness to others. As it is, I have to lament that a father's anxious endeavours cannot remove from her mind the dangerous malady."

"It grieves me, sir," replied Gertrude, "to see you so uneasy upon my sister Emma's account. I think her virtues far overbalance that amiable weakness. Her attachment to my cousin Edward has, for the present, gained an ascendency over her better judgement, and given a glow to her feelings, not exactly calculated to please a parent's eye. But, in a few years, the engagements of domestic life will give a different turn to her feelings; and you will then, my dear father, behold her every thing the fondest parent can expect or desire.—I have heard you observe, sir, that the passions of youth would degrade maturer years. Can we then expect that Emma should possess those steady virtues and consistent manners, which adorn the decline of life? The simplicity and innocence of her character are almost an equivalent for a deficiency in fortitude; and I am convinced, that, if we were to analyse the passions of any of our acquaintance, my sister Emma would rise considerably in our estimation."

"The uprightness of her intentions I do not doubt," answered Mr. Lloyd; "but I certainly dread the encroaching power which her feel-

ings have over her reason: and, Gertrude, you well know, that it is the province of a good daughter to stifle those emotions which wound a father's heart.—A truly virtuous mind will curb every passion, which militates against domestic peace; whereas a selfish disposition never resigns the most trifling gratification, for the sake of contributing to the joy of others. It may be classed with the sensitive plant—contracting every fibre to escape our touch, but without any virtues to compensate for its unsocial shyness. It is of no other use than to excite our astonishment; and we with pleasure turn our eyes from it to those plants whose virtues transmit a fragrant perfume to every beholder. Even the sequestered primrose, almost enveloped in wild heath, possesses greater interest in our eyes, than this favored hot-house plant. The similarity between the vegetable and the reasonable world has always made a strong impression upon a reflecting mind; and the analogy in the present instance certainly justifies the remark: for the person, whose eye is never dimmed but by selfish passions, neither deserves our sympathy nor our esteem: but, if the woes of others have dimmed it, we feel a mixture of unbounded love and concern for the being whose heart is not chilled by the torpid power of indifference."

A few evenings after Emma's departure, Mr. Lloyd was engaged to meet a party of his friends at the vicar's house. The evening was uncommonly serene and beautiful. Every murmuring noise in the valley was suppressed; and the various colors, which tinged the canopy of heaven, gave a glow of animation and joy to Gertrude's bosom.—Every worldly passion was dissolved, or gave place to an unbounded admiration of the rich tints which the Creator had spread over his light ethereal sky, and the fragrant sweetness of the blossoms, which were profusely scattered beneath her window. But, as the mild breeze of night approached, and twilight gave a dim hue to the objects around her, remembrance, with a steady pencil, traced upon her heart the sickening prospect of futurity. It warned her to obey the dictates of virtue, and resign to a sister the feelings which long-cherished affection for one object had so warmly claimed. A tear fell from her eyes at the painful recollection of joys which were for ever flown: but it mingled with one for the happiness of her sister; and, in that moment, a reviving light streamed through her soul, and endued her heart with perfect acquiescence to the decrees of an all-wise Providence."

Gertrude was roused from her mental *réverie* by the distant sound of carriage-wheels approaching toward the house: a sudden chilness crept through her frame; and, in breathless agitation, she leaned her head against the window, to receive a confirmation of her hopes or fears. In a moment, her cousin's well-known voice, ordering the post-boy to stop, gave a different turn to her feelings. She censured herself for her weakness, and resolved to receive him with becoming fortitude. But the hasty impulse of passion, and the steady influence of reason, operate very differently; and Gertrude was subdued by the former. The moment Edward entered the parlour, her agitated feelings burst forth in a violent flood of tears. Her cousin pressed her with warmth to his bosom, and firmly assured her that he was returned to lay his laurels at her feet.

"At my feet!" said Gertrude

with a deep sigh.—"Oh no! Edward! it is at my sister Emma's feet you must place the wreath of victory: but I rejoice to see you safe at home, and will immediately send for my father from the vicar's. He will be delighted, Edward, to see you look so well."

As Gertrude was quitting the room to send for her father, Edward followed her, and, taking hold of her hand, led her to a chair. "I must speak to you, Gertrude," said he, "before I meet my worthy uncle.—Your conduct, I confess, is very ambiguous:—what injurious suspicions have you formed of my heart? Believe me, my dear Gertrude, I have loved you from infancy; and each year, in ripening your virtues, has increased my unalterable attachment to you.—Do not then treat me with this frigid and repulsive indifference; be assured, I have lamented every hour since my departure from you: and now to experience so cool a reception from you on my return, wounds every feeling of my soul.—During my journey hither, I had anticipated a flattering welcome from my beloved cousin, and had hoped that my uncle would accede to my ardent wishes.—But why do you not answer me, Gertrude? Your silence racks me beyond all endurance."

"I am at a loss what reply to make," said Gertrude. "If I were to obey the impulse of my reason and affection, I should glory in uniting my fate with yours. As it is, if I accept your hand, I shall destroy Emma's peace of mind, and be miserable myself, from the consciousness of having basely deceived her innocent and unsuspecting heart: for, as I was not convinced of any particular regard you had for me, I have edeavoured to confine my sentiments for you within the bounds of sisterly affection; and at the same time I have done all in my power to strengthen my sister's affection for you."

"This, Gertrude, is the language of cool unbiassed reason: but it is a language ill suited to charm my heart: and beware, my dear cousin, of sacrificing your own happiness to a shadow. Every action of my life must have convinced you that my regard was sincere, and confined to you alone. I have not learned the happy art of fixing and unfixing my affections, to suit the caprice of others.—It is in your power to ratify my choice, and make me happy during the remainder of my existence—or consign me to a tumultuous life in the army, where the impression you have made upon my heart will never be erased.—I have often flattered myself that your feelings were similar to my own. Is it not, then, unfeeling to have given me the transporting hope of obtaining your hand, and now pretend to reason with me upon the propriety of marrying Emma, though at the same time you are assured that our dispositions would never assimilate, even if there were an attachment formed between us?—The regard you impute to her, is ideal: she has been in the habit of treating me as a brother from childhood, and imagines that I am the only person in the world with whom she could be happy. But a new object would speedily erase my image from her bosom; for her feelings are transient and light as a summer cloud. I consider her as a sister who deserves my utmost kindness and attention: but, as the dearest friend of my heart, I should be wretched with her. It is not the beauty of a woman that charms my senses, if her understanding be ei-

ther weak or defective; for, although a trifling pretty woman may be a very great ornament in a ball-room, it is there *only* that she shines. When I think of you, my beloved Gertrude, my reason sanctions the choice of my childhood—for I believe, that, even from my cradle, I have doted upon you. It is your virtues which throw the lustre over your charms; and, when the ebbing sand of life finally declines, I shall love you more, if possible, than I do at this moment.—It is not in the power of words to describe my regard. . . . . But, Gertrude, you still continue immovable! What am I to conclude from your dejected and averted countenance?"

"We must change the subject," said Gertrude: "for, greatly as I esteem you, I solemnly declare, I never will give my hand at the altar, when my perfidious conduct wounds a sister's heart.—I know, Edward, from your countenance, you think this is an overstrained refinement: but, think as you please, I am resolved to act up to the assertion I have this moment made:—the motives which impel me to act thus, are, I hope, sanctioned by Him who knows the sincerity of the words I utter. I assure you, it is with reluctance I have made this avowal: for, though I am determined to act uprightly, I am not, as you imagine, void of uneasiness and regret."

"Then my hopes are all blasted!" exclaimed Edward—"Farewell, Gertrude! and may your romantic conduct of this evening never wound your heart, as it does mine! You have destroyed the happiness of a man who wou'd forfeit a thousand lives to secure one hour of uninterrupted peace to your bosom." Edward now hastily walked toward the parlour door, and as hastily returned, to take another farewell of his cousin.—"I feel," said he, "that, in quitting you, I quit every thing I hold dear in life. Will you not, then, retract the sentence you have passed, and act consistently with your general character?—for, believe me, my dear Gertrude, it is unnatural in the extreme to suppose that I can ever think of Emma as my partner, when I have from childhood cherished the hope of being yours for life."

"All your arguments, Edward, are ineffectual on this head.—That I admire your character, and esteem you next to my beloved father, I freely own: and, though I am convinced that my sentiments in your favor will be immovable as the firmest rock, I am resolved never to deviate from the resolution I have this evening declared.—But my determination is not a plea for your abrupt departure: I wish you to continue here, that you may have an opportunity of seeing my sister Emma, and loving her."

"No, Gertrude! this is no longer a home for me: as you are resolute on one subject, I am equally so on another: but I shall love you, if my existence is protracted a thousand years.—Farewell for ever!"

(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

The Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page 497.*)

"In an easy chair by the bedside, sat Mrs. Cavendish. Her emaciated form was wrapped in a long flannel gown; and the pallid hue of her cheeks she had vainly endeavoured to conceal beneath a large night-cap.—The child was kneeling at her feet, and held a hand already cold with the near approach of death; while despair and terror were strongly imprinted on her

youthful face.—The servant hung over her mistress with the most affectionate fondness.—Mrs. Cavendish strove to rise: but her feeble limbs refused their office, and she sunk exhausted on the chair.—'Forbear, dear madam,' said I, 'to use ceremony with one who has long been a stranger to its rules. Mrs. Mackintosh informed me that an English lady resided here; and I am too partial to my country-women, not to seek every opportunity of rendering them any assistance in my power; and I shall be particularly happy, if, on this occasion, I can in any degree prove serviceable to you.'

"Her whole frame became exceedingly agitated: a faint blush overspread her wan cheeks; and in speechless agony she pointed to the child.—'Speak to the lady, my sweet mamma!' said the weeping orphan: but she was denied the power of utterance; her eyes alone conveyed to me the anguish of her soul.

"I absolutely thought her expiring:—I pressed her clay-cold hand in mine—assured her that I perfectly understood her meaning, and that, if Heaven thought fit to take her from us, her lovely daughter should find a mother in me. More I would have said; but, perceiving her countenance change, I stopped.—She sunk on her knees beside the child, embraced her with fervor; then, lifting up her eyes to heaven, she thus exclaimed—'Father of mercies! thou hast heard my prayers! Protect her innocence, and, oh! forgive! forgive' .... but here articulation failed: she spake no more:—her suffering spirit fled its earthly mansion; and neither sigh nor groan attended its departure.

"Still, methinks, I hear her dying accents; and the scene which followed, is ever present to my remembrance. The child was still in her arms: they sunk together on the floor! The faithful maid screamed with terror, and fainted.—Mrs. Mackintosh sat stupefied with amazement; while I, though unequal to scenes like this, gently disentangled Marina, who seemed motionless with despair.

"My efforts to disengage her from her mother's arms roused her attention. 'You shall not take me from my mamma,' she cried. 'She always told me I should never leave her: but she is gone!'—Here her streaming tears relieved her bursting heart; and her loud sobs soon brought the maid to herself. The poor creature, frantic with grief, threw herself at my feet, and 'Will you, madam,' said she 'be a friend to my dear young lady? will you never let her want for any thing?—No! you never will: and my poor mistress (Heaven be praised!) seemed to die satisfied that you would take care of her darling child.'

"I assured her again and again, that I held my promise sacred, and she might depend on it that her young lady should always experience from me the tenderness of a parent: but what most effectually pacified her, was my assurance that she herself should never be separated from the child.—I then advised her to rouse herself, and perform the last offices for her unhappy mistress; and, feeling myself quite overpowered with those exertions, I retired into another room, and there, with the aid of a few drops and half an hour's recollection, gradually recovered my fortitude.

"I then consulted with Mrs. Mackintosh on what was further to be done; and we agreed to leave the care of the remains to the affec-

tionate attention of the servant, and, if possible, prevail upon the child to return with me to Knockanda: but neither entreaties nor persuasions could induce Marina to quit the house. She hung round my neck in agonies—begged I would only indulge her in this request, and, in every thing else, she would obey me. It was not in nature to deny her.—I saw her every day, and, by every kind endearment, strove to engage her affections.—Her insinuating manners, and filial regrets, so gained on my mind, that she soon became extremely dear to me; and I felt a pleasure in her innocent caresses, to which my heart had long been a stranger.

"As I imagined, that, by removing Marina from the scene of her sorrows, her mind would sooner be restored to its wonted serenity, I proposed our immediate return to England. Mr. Montague readily consented; and, in a few days after the remains of Mrs. Cavendish had been consigned to their peaceful habitation, I desired Jenny to prepare Marina for her departure. Contrary to my expectations, I found, on calling upon her the next day, that she was not only reconciled, but anxious to quit a spot which continually reminded her of her loss.—Happy in this her ready acquiescence, we took leave of our friendly host the following day, and set out for Edinburgh.

"But I must not forget to mention the officer who so kindly interested himself in the fate of Mrs. Cavendish.—He desired to have a sight of her daughter, before we quitted the country: and, from what I had heard of his character and disposition, you may believe I was not a little attentive to his countenance, as I presented her to him. Never, in my opinion, did she appear so lovely as at that moment. He gazed on her for some minutes in silent admiration: then, turning to me, he said, 'Beware, madam, of indulging her sensibility.' Then, having caressed Marina—who, sensible of the value of his friendship, was much affected—he immediately took his leave.

"When we called for Marina and Jenny, I observed that the child kept her eyes anxiously fixed on a box, which the servants were putting into the boot of the carriage, and then burst into tears.—Mr. Montague instantly inquired if there was any thing in it, which she particularly valued.—'Oh! yes!' she cried with great eagerness—'If I lose that box, I shall never again be happy.'—Her tears now streamed with additional violence; and Jenny begged permission to have the box removed, saying she would carry it on her lap.—As the box was not large, we immediately ordered it to be put into the coach. This pacified Marina; and she embraced Mrs. Mackintosh, (who came to take leave of her young favorite) assuring her, she should never forget that she was indebted to her for a second mamma.

"Nothing material happened during our journey.—We spent only two nights with your daughter, whose little folk were highly pleased with Marina: but she seemed to have no delight in the usual sports of children—took no notice of any body, except myself and Jenny—and never quitted sight of her box, without betraying such strong marks of anxiety, as gave me considerable pain."

Here the entrance of Marina put a stop to Mrs. Montague's narrative. She introduced her to Mr. Burnaby, as her adopted daughter, and desired him to fetch his grand-children

to spend the day with her. He excused himself for that day, the family being all engaged at Hindon Park.

Mr. Burnaby had no sooner taken his leave, than Mrs. Montague summoned Jenny to her dressing-room, to inquire the reason of Marina's great attachment to the box. She had frequently purposed doing it on the road: but the presence of Mr. Montague had always prevented her; and, since her return, the necessary arrangements of her family had entirely occupied her attention. She had not yet informed herself whether Mrs. Cavendish had left any particular instructions respecting the mode of her daughter's education.

In this place it is but justice to the virtues of Jenny, to make mention of her family and extraction.

Her father was a petty tradesman in the county town near which Mrs. Cavendish's father resided; and her mother had lived house-keeper in the family many years. Jenny was the youngest of ten children; and Mrs. Cavendish having taken a fancy to her in her juvenile days, she was taken into the family to wait upon her.—This distinguishing mark of Mrs. Cavendish's partiality was repaid by Jenny with the most faithful attachment.—She boasted many suitors in the days of her youth: but her affection to her mistress triumphed over every other feeling; and she discarded them all.—She was honest, faithful, and kind-hearted, and had proved to her mistress, in the hour of distress, not only a trusty servant, but a kind companion, and an affectionate friend. That affection was now transferred to her orphan daughter, whom she not only loved, but idolised.—She had long thought that she discovered in her strong indications of future greatness; and these prognostics were already in part verified, as she fondly imagined, in the increasing affection of Mr. and Mrs. Montague. She contemplated Marina as the future heiress of their riches; and this idea was too pleasing not to be constantly indulged, more particularly as it was connected with one which was always uppermost in her thoughts—that of revenge on the family of Mrs. Cavendish.

Jenny had witnessed the purity and innocence of her whole life, and knew how undeserving she was of the calumnies which had destroyed her reputation, and ruined her peace.—Though the excellence of Jenny's principles taught her universal charity, she could never think of her mistress's sufferings, without breaking forth into the most bitter invectives against the authors of her misery.

From the moment she was summoned by Mrs. Montague, she conjectured what it was for, and was therefore prepared to answer with her usual loquacity.

(*To be continued.*)

The BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 507.)

SIR Bettesworth Harrop had, by his adulatory arts, rendered himself a high favorite with Lady Monson. She now called him to her councils: and, as he still, for the reasons which have been already stated, wished the marriage of Lord Bleumore and Miss Monson to take place, they easily devised a plan, by which the young people were to be brought together, and the earl drawn on to renew his proposals: and acceptance was then to follow of course.

Sir William, she well knew, would not invite Lord Blenmore to his house, or put his daughter in the

way of a meeting, which, he was aware, would be disagreeable to her feelings: but the important event of a young nobleman coming to age was soon to be celebrated with great festivity at his father's seat, about forty miles off; and hither the Manningdale family, with all the others of any consequence in the neighbourhood, were invited. Lady Monson wearied her husband, who systematically obliged her wherever he could, into a promise of going; though, after his late anxiety concerning his children, and in his present perplexity respecting his affairs, a scene of gaiety was the last thing to which he could assimilate his mind.

Her ladyship, however, did not apprise him further of her intentions; for she knew, that, if he had accompanied her to Woodfield, and his daughter been averse to attending this (to her) unexpected meeting, her plans would have been frustrated. She, therefore, on pretence of visiting a lady whom she mentioned, set out from home a day before the *fête* was to commence; and, escorted by her prime favorite Sir Bettesworth, executed her manœuvre, as has been already shown. Sir William's surprise, at seeing his daughter arrive at Gilmore Castle, it may easily be supposed, was great; while, on receiving his embrace, the first gleam of pleasure that she had experienced since her parting with Mrs. Egerton, irradiated her countenance.

With all the delight of a fond parent glowing in his soul, he led her up to their noble hosts. The admiration, expressed by the marquis and marchioness, excited that of others. Miss Monson became the reigning belle of the meeting; and poor Lord Blenmore, notwithstanding his late repulse, was thus stimulated to renew his suit with double assiduity.

Though with a heart ill at ease, the lovely Julia could not but be gratified by the approbation she received; and, in endeavouring to participate of the gaiety around her, attempted to conquer the emotions she sustained, and the pain that overwhelmed her, upon hearing (as she frequently did) poor Richmond spoken of, and described as a sharper.

'Tis well known, that there is no circle, however high, where a little scandal is not admitted: and, in a remote part of the country, where strangers are seldom seen, and have no visible motive for sojourning, such a man, as we have represented Richmond to be, was exactly calculated to excite remark and inquiry. The *fracas* previous to his quitting his regiment, and his long stay at Stillerness, had caused him to be seen and talked of by many people in the neighbourhood. Hence, his name—though, generally, by the underhand means of Lady Monson, or Sir Bettesworth Harrop—was frequently brought up—scarcely ever without some stigma being attached to it: and, though Julia would have staked her existence upon the falsity of such reports, she was nevertheless unable to refute them.

"But, my dear ladies! for mercy's sake, be less severe upon a man for the trifling circumstance of having left a bill unpaid at an hotel," said a gentleman, whose voice had not been heard upon the subject, but who had sat listening to a female synod, with Lady Monson at their head, who had been passing judgement on the absent culprit. "I tremble," continued he, "lest the same animadversions have been already passed on myself: for I once quitted an hotel, to pay a visit

though with a full design of returning. Circumstances changed my plan; and months elapsed, before I knew that the servant, whom I had sent back to discharge my debt, had deceived both the landlord and myself. I mention this only to prove, that, even if the account of this Mr. Richmond's having done so be correct, a man *may* appear culpable without being so in reality, and should not be stigmatised, till some general plan of deception is proved against him."

"Oh! but this fellow is a complete good-for-nothing scoundrel," rejoined Lord Blenmore, in a sort of barking tone, which he was in the habit of using when he spoke, as he too frequently did, to the prejudice of any one. "It is well known, that he has gone by different names."

"So have *I* likewise: yet I trust I am *not a complete good-for-nothing scoundrel*," said the generous defender of the absent, who had spoken before.

Julia cast her eyes upon the crest-fallen earl with a contempt which she could not conceal; and, observing that her mother was also going to hold forth on the same subject, she retreated to a window, whither she was almost immediately followed by the gentleman, to whom, for the part he had taken in the foregoing conversation, her heart seemed almost spontaneously to open.

"Is Miss Monson," said he, "the only one of her sex who delights not in a tale of slander? and will she explain to me, why one who seems herself the least subject to errors, is the most averse to hearing them discussed by others?"

"May I not return the question, sir?" replied she, with an ingenuous smile, that seemed to rouse her companion from his usual gravity; and directly commencing a conversation, its progress imperceptibly rendered the parties more partial to each other, than any other individuals of the company with whom they were associated.

This occurrence took place on the second day after Miss Monson's arrival at the castle: and though, with several others, this gentleman had been formally introduced, the quiet gravity of his disposition generally prevented his exciting observation, unless when some circumstance arose, which called forth a display of his philanthropy. Even this, alas! was more frequently evinced, than attended to. With Julia, however, the case was different: for a stronger claim to her favorable opinion, than a good heart, could never be urged, had she even been less interested than in the present case.

Chap. 20.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement [ripe;
And, in a word, (for far below his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
Withall good grace, to grace a gentleman.
Shakspeare.

For the gentleman thus amiably introduced, we have already endeavoured to interest our readers, as the elder son of Lord Saint-Villiers, in whose favor poor Frederic had been thrown from his natural rights.

Gentle and unassuming as at the first dawn of his prosperity, he returned from his continental tour with a mind highly enriched and improved by the observations he had made, and in which the treasures of learning, aiding the dictates of religion, had conquered the severity of that affliction, which, in the extinction of his first-born hopes of happiness, had, at one period,

precluded the formation of any others.

When the state of continental affairs became such, as to cause his return to England, he began seriously to reflect upon the claims of his situation, and his duties, as a member of society. He felt, that, in leading a wandering and unsettled life, he should not fulfill them; and he had already mentally formed a plan, in which the figure of the faithful wife, the affectionate companion, was alone wanting. In search of this, "Heaven's last best gift," he became an attentive observer of the sex: but he still found objections, which more than balanced the recommendations that he had hitherto perceived in any particular lady: and his choice was yet to make; when a certain something, indicative of the qualifications which he deemed essential to happiness, struck him in the countenance of Julia Monson.

Hence arose the particularity of his attentions: and, while subsequent acquaintance improved the prepossession on his side, her good opinion was not behindhand. In the sterling sense and information with which his conversation was replete, she found a rational satisfaction, more congenial to the present state of her spirits, than the gaiety of a large party. She gained, at the same time, while listening to Mr. Saint-Villiers, a respite from the childish tattle and assiduities of Lord Blenmore, which her mother, in pursuance of the project that had brought her to Gilmore Castle, took every means of encouraging.

Sir William, greatly to the disappointment of the conspirators against poor Julia, stood neuter; and in this manner proceeded the fortnight of their absence. Lady Monson was civil to Mr. Saint-Villiers, as she would be to any other man of fashion and consequence: but he was an equal favorite with both the good baronet and his daughter, and said, that, after his return from Scotland, whither he was then going, he should make some stay with a friend of his in the county of Durham, and gladly avail himself of their permission to continue the acquaintance.

Julia returned home, but not to peace or contentment. Lord Blenmore was a perpetual intruder; and the coolness of her behaviour, without repressing his assiduities, drew upon her the incessant reproaches of her mother, who openly accused her of a preference for Richmond, and proceeded to such lengths, as to render her husband and daughter seriously unhappy. She even asserted that there must be an absolute engagement between them, or Miss Monson could not so obstinately persist in her indifference to a nobleman, who took such unwearied pains to acquire her favor.

Though Sir William was by no means a man of acute penetration, nevertheless, from what he heard and observed, he was inclined to suspect that his daughter harboured some little lurking partiality; and, considering the circumstance of the parties having been so much together, he thought it not unreasonable to conclude that such might possibly be the case. He would not, however, pain her by interrogation on the subject. He doubted not, that, if such an attachment existed, she would conquer it: and, feeling too much confidence in her prudence, to dread her forming an improper connexion, he thought that the most erroneous thing which a parent could do, was to notice these sort of transient partialities, which, if not fanned into strength by showing their consequence, and increasing it by opposition, he concluded,

would never outlive the year of their birth.

When, however, Lord Blenmore at length renewed his proposal in form, and it was as decidedly rejected, the rage of Lady Monson would probably have broken forth with the most uncurbed violence, had not the appearance of Mr. Saint-Villiers at Manningdale, and the apparent pleasure with which he was received both by Sir William and Julia, in some measure diverted her anger, by giving rise to new matrimonial projects: for, having once conquered her dislike to the idea of her daughter's marrying, her ladyship considered her in no other light than as a disposable piece of goods, to be bartered away to the utmost advantage. To be mother-in-law to a man of the rank and high respectability of Mr. Saint-Villiers would be truly gratifying to her vanity; and no ridicule would attach to the failure of her other scheme, if it miscarried in his favor. Her smiles, her civilities, were consequently resumed, and as lavishly bestowed upon this new visitor, as they had before been on his predecessor.

To Mr. Saint-Villiers, however, nothing could be more unimportant, or less alluring, than the over-strained attentions of such a woman as Lady Monson, except so far as they seemed connected with his general good reception in the family.

One principal object of his Scotch tour was to try if Miss Monson had made an impression sufficiently strong, to stand the test of a few weeks' absence.—So far, the result was an acknowledgement of her power.—He then resolved to scrutinise her behaviour in a domestic light; and, if it there appeared as engaging as in a scene of gaiety, he would try to win her to his wishes—certain, that, though the ardor of a first love could never be revived in his bosom, a faithful friendship and unlimited confidence might ensure to her permanent felicity in as high a degree as mortals are entitled to expect.

During the progress of this cool dispassionate investigation, Saint-Villiers sedulously avoided every declaration, or lover-like kind of attention. He only wished to engage that sort of calm and steady affection which he himself had to bestow: and he talked so much and so unreservedly, both to Miss Monson and her father, of his former sorrows and disappointment, that the one scarcely sympathised with him more tenderly than did the other.

In this manner several weeks rolled on.—Mr. Saint-Villiers was almost domesticated at Manningdale, and passed much more of his time there, than with the friend to whom he was nominally upon a visit.

Pleasing herself with daily hopes of his declaration, Lady Monson favored Sir William and his daughter with a welcome respite from her importunate teasings: and, as she had been indulged in one point which she had much at heart, she was at present tolerably composed. This was the gratification of her resentment against Mrs. Egerton, with whom she so strenuously insisted on Miss Monson's breaking off all intercourse and correspondence, that she was at length, however reluctantly, obeyed. Sir William, too, as well as his lady, felt no little displeasure against his sister, on account of the imprudent encouragement she had given to a young man, who, whatever might be the intrinsic merit that recommended him to her favor, ought not to have had it evinced in such a manner as could implicate Miss

Monson in the conversation it occasioned. He, however, knew Mrs. Egerton's foibles so well, that he could not but blame himself for having trusted so precious a charge, where there was too much reason to fear that the necessary precautions had not been observed. He knew also, that, if his daughter really harboured the ill-placed attachment, of which Lady Monson accused her, there was nothing more likely to keep it alive, than a confidential correspondence with the person under whose eye it had commenced. He therefore, though without hinting his own opinion, or wounding her feelings by his remarks, advised his daughter to yield, in this respect, to her mother's desires, and promised to go over to Woodfield, and so represent the matter to Mrs. Egerton, that she would acquit her niece of ingratitude, through the semblance of this enforced neglect.

During this period, it may easily be supposed, Julia gave many an anxious thought to the absent Frederic; and, though still cherishing, yet still condemning her attachment, was firm in her resolution to take no steps that could draw on her the reprobation of her family—and, unless he should arrive at such a situation as authorised his application to her father, never to resume any future intercourse with him. On that footing even he himself had put their future connexion; and her conscience assured her it was best for both that it should be adhered to.

(*To be continued, with an interesting Plate, in the Supplement.*)

The Highland Hermitage.

(*Continued from page 511.*)

Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.

"As it was late at night before we arrived at Byron-Place, I could see nothing but the reflexion of the moon on the gilt turret at the top of the house.—In the morning, I arose with the lark; for I was too happy to sleep. I was anxious to examine the beauties of this noble place: and well might Sir Thomas be partial to this abode of his ancestors; for it possesses every advantage which liberal Nature could bestow: nor has the barbarous hand of modern refinement been introduced, to torture its luxuriant beauties into artful regularity.—The rooms are spacious and lofty, and furnished with taste and judgement. But the object, which most engaged my attention, was the view I had from my chamber window, of a large, old-fashioned white house. It was divided from Byron-Place by the lawn. The elegant simplicity of the green foliage, which grew luxuriantly about it, gave it the most picturesque and pleasing appearance imaginable. The barns and stacks of corn and hay at the back of the house, made me suppose it the residence of some opulent farmer.—I was contemplating the prospect before me with an infinite deal of pleasure, when I was summoned to the breakfast-parlour. Sir Thomas informed me that this neat white building was the parsonage-house, and the residence of Mr. Mortimer.

"On the following Sunday, my friend made her appearance at church; where the uncommon loveliness of her person attracted the attention of a numerous audience. Byron's eyes sparkled with joy at the notice that was taken of his charming bride. I was exceeding pleased with the neatness of the church, as well as the decency and regularity of the poor people, who listened with the most profound attention to a plain but edifying discourse, which Mr. Mortimer delivered in the most clear

and harmonious voice I ever heard: and the respect with which they greeted him as we left the church, and the benevolent smiles with which he returned their salutations, gave me the highest opinion of his piety and goodness of heart.

"Fond of retirement and the society of a few select friends, Sir Thomas and Lady Byron were glad when the wearisome formality of receiving and paying visits was over. —For my part, I was disgusted with the fatiguing parade, and sighed for solitude, and the uninterrupted conversation of Mortimer: and indeed he was seldom absent from us.—He invited me to view his old-fashioned white house—conducted me through every part of it; and the plain simplicity of the apartments, together with the delicate neatness in which they were kept, gave more satisfaction to the eye, than all the grandeur and magnificence that wealth can bestow.—I could not help expressing my sentiments on this subject, with an animation in my manner, which evidently gave him pleasure.

"'Did the generality of the world think like you, Miss Seymour,' said he one day to me—'could they centre their ideas of happiness in such a cottage as this, and the few fertile fields about it—the calls of ambition would not be attended to. Mankind, happy and contented, would not quit their native plains, in pursuit of a metal for which they could have no use. But the heart of man,' continued he, 'is never to be satisfied: the soul will still sicken for the possession of some distant object.—I have been happy, inexpressibly happy, in this rural retreat: but shall I long continue in that state of indifference in which consisted my happiness? A something from within tells me that ease and tranquillity are flying far away.'

"He sighed: and his hand trembled, as he held mine.—I sighed, too: our sighs seemed to be in unison; and the tremor of his fingers communicated itself to mine. I turned away my face, suffused with blushes, from his piercing eye. The thread of our discourse was broken; and the freedom of conversation was now at an end. Our features, indeed, grew more expressive: but our words were often heavy and languid.

"I was now restless and absent, and was sometimes so lost in thought, that the tender Lady Byron would ask me if I was ill; which affectionate interrogatories I regularly answered by assuring her that I was perfectly well: but my answers, on such occasions, were delivered with such evident confusion and embarrassment, as must have given me a very foolish appearance.

"In all our excursions, Mortimer was my constant attendant.—Unmindful of the future, I gave way to the pleasure which his society afforded me, and never refused to accompany him in a walk. In one of our rambles, he asked me, if I should have any objection to call on an humble friend of his. I answered that I could have none.—He led me to a small neat cottage near his parsonage, in front of which an old white-headed man was weeding in a little garden. —When he saw us approach, he came, with his hat in his hand, to open the wicket for us. I immediately knew him to be the parish clerk; for I had noticed and admired his grey locks at church. 'How fare you, Benson?' asked my companion.—'This, Miss Seymour, is the friend I mentioned to you: and, as I know worth and honesty

will ever find a patroness in you, I will take the liberty of recommending my good old Benson to your notice.'

"The poor man's joy shone in his countenance at the kindness of his benefactor.—Mortimer asked him concerning his dame.—He answered, that she was tolerably well: 'but, alack! sir!' cried he, 'my poor girl is but very indifferent. Her lameness troubles her sadly; and she thinks it an age since you were so good as to call upon her.'—'I own,' said Mortimer, smiling, as we entered the house, 'Martha has some reason to reproach me with neglect.'

"The old woman was spinning; and her daughter, who was far from being young, arose when we entered, and hurried as fast as she could (for she appeared very lame) to reach a neat wicker chair, which seemed to be reserved for the use of some favorite visitor, and desired Mortimer to be seated.—'The lady,' said he, 'my good Martha, must be first accommodated.'—He led me to the chair, and rested his arm upon the back of it, and then inquired with so much kindness after her health, and with such gentleness of voice accused himself for having so long neglected to call upon her, that the tears trembled in poor Martha's eyes; and, laying her hand upon the sleeve of his coat, 'Oh! sir! you are too good! It is enough to see you, to hear you inquire with so much kindness after my infirmities.—How few, how very few, would think it necessary to make excuses to such a poor low creature as I am!'

"At this moment I would not have exchanged situations with an empress: her throne could not be so easy to her, as my wicker chair was to me. The fine expression in Mortimer's countenance—the venerable figure of the old man, who stood in the bent attitude of attention and respect, while the poor old woman ceased her spinning, and seemed to devour their benefactor with her eyes, and every now and then wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron—all together furnished a scene interesting beyond expression, which moistened my eye with a tear of delight.—O ye, who have never enjoyed such a scene as this, what have your lives been worth? Can youth and affluence deny themselves the exquisite satisfaction of kindly soothing the infirmities of old age, and relieving its poverty and distress?

"Martha saw my emotion, and asked me, whether I had ever before condescended to visit such a poor hovel as theirs.—I told her that I often had, and that the pleasure I had experienced in their cottage would tempt me very soon to repeat my visit. The honest creature, in her artless simple strain, paid me so many compliments on my affability, as she termed it, that I went away quite delighted with this worthy family. Never did I experience such heart-felt satisfaction. My mind was tuned to harmony and peace. In short, I saw nothing, I heard nothing, but Mortimer. I listened to him, while he expatiated on the happiness and miseries of this life: I joined with him in lamenting the inequality of fortune—'But there is one great, one powerful sweetener of life,' said Mortimer, 'that sheds its influence equally on the poor as on the rich. It harmonises the soul of the roughest peasant, and makes his straw bed a bed of down.'

"He said no more, but silently pressed my fingers, and looked wistfully in my face. Unconscious of what I did, I sighed, and looked down.—'Why sighs Miss Sey-

mour?' said he—' Why sighs my charming friend? The most refined, the most delicate of female minds has not been made unhappy by a passion, without which, life would be but a mere void.'

"He might have gone on for ever: I could not have interrupted him: he was proceeding, when luckily we were met by Sir Thomas and Lady Byron, whose presence relieved me from a very embarrassing situation.

"From that hour, I bade adieu to the calm content in which I had hitherto passed my life. I found that my heart had given birth to a passion which did not promise to shed its kindest influence over my head.—The painful agitations which seised me whenever Mortimer appeared—my tremors—the faltering of my voice when he spoke to me—the inexpressible pleasure I felt in seeing him, in hearing the sound of his voice, convinced me that he had established a very powerful interest in my heart.

"Meantime I could not forget my father's disposition. I knew him well:—haughty, ambitious, and unalterably determined when once he formed a resolution, he would, I was persuaded, forever remain hostile to the gratification of those wishes, in which were now centred all my hopes of future happiness.—Mr. Mortimer, it is true, was descended from a very honorable family: he had been well educated, and was well connected; and, what was still more important, his mind was adorned with every social, every moral virtue: in short, he was a man with whom any rational woman would have had a fair prospect of passing her life in the most perfect matrimonial happiness. But he possessed no fortune—nothing but his benefice, which, though lucrative, was precarious, as depending on the chances of mortality. But there was a yet stronger objection to him than the want of fortune—an objection, which would have proved insuperable, even if he had possessed the virtues of a saint, and his brow been graced with a mitre. My father had contracted a settled aversion to the clergy in general. It was an illiberal prejudice: but what evils have, in all ages of the world, arisen from prejudice and animosity, originating in causes as slight and insignificant as my father's groundless prepossession! Kingdoms have been depopulated, countries deluged with blood: what wonder, then, that the peace of one poor hapless maid should be sacrificed? The sacrifice was unavoidable: for opposition and argument only strengthened my father in his sentiments: and, indeed, what power could reason have over a man who had been used to no other control than his own will and pleasure?—A gross affront, which he had received, in the early part of his life, from the clergyman of his own parish, had given birth to his hatred: habit had strengthened it—had fixed in him an invincible dislike to the whole clerical body: and I had often heard him say, that every other class of men should meet with a welcome at his table, but that he could not be answerable for behaving with common civility to a parson.

"Convinced of my father's irascibility and inflexibility of temper, I knew it would be madness to think that he would accept a clergyman, and a poor one too, for his son-in-law: and I was determined never to disoblige him, by disposing of myself in marriage against his incli-

nation. A child owes that duty to a parent; and mine had been a very indulgent one to me.

"I sighed at the hard necessity imposed on me, of endeavouring to banish the fascinating Mortimer from my mind.—Had I followed the dictates of my reason, I ought to have fled from a prepossession, which, if indulged, might in time prove fatal to my peace: but I had not resolution to tear myself from a place in which every charm of society was centred. I therefore still continued to see, to hear, to admire, a man whom I did not even flatter myself with the hope of ever being entitled to view in any other light than that of a friend.

"The continual struggles between inclination and prudence would sometimes give an air of pensiveness to my features, which Mortimer, whose eyes seldom wandered from me, discovered; and, one day, when a more than common languor hung about me, he inquired with such anxious earnestness after my health, and in a voice so insinuatingly tender, that, discomposed and agitated as my spirits were, I was quite overpowered, burst into tears, and hurried out of the room.

"I was too much confused and dissatisfied with myself, to make my appearance again, till Mortimer had quitted the house: and, when I did return, I could not bear the inquiring looks of my friends.

"Byron saw my confusion. 'Dearest Miss Seymour!' cried he—'why this anxious, downcast countenance? why this reserve? Are we not your friends, your most affectionate friends? Will you forgive me, if I tell you that I have discovered the secret which agitates your gentle bosom?—And this Mortimer, too, is equally unhappy, and equally reserved to his faithful Byron.'

"Pardon me, Sir Thomas! I perceive you think I am not insensible of the merits of your friend. I am above disguise: my heart tells me that I could be happier with Mortimer, than with any man on earth: but, supposing his sentiments to be in accord with mine, yet my father....... Lady Byron knows his prejudices.'

"Yes,' replied she, 'I do know them. Yet surely, my Fanny, those prejudices are not invincible. Were Mr. Seymour to see and know our Mortimer, he must admire and value him, as we do.'

"I fear, my dear lady, this must not be thought on; and my reason tells me I ought to wish that Mr. Mortimer may forever remain silent on a subject to which I never will listen in opposition to my parent's will.—Sir Thomas Byron, is not insensible of the delicacy due to our sex: his friend will never know from him the confession I have made of my sentiments; though I fear that I have myself already too clearly exposed my weakness to him.'

"Sir Thomas assured me that no word from his lips, not even a look, should ever betray my secret: and here the conversation ended.

"I now dreaded to meet Mortimer's eye: but he, delicately considerate, came not near us during the remainder of that day. I arose early the next morning; and my feet mechanically guided me toward Benson's cottage.—The honest harmless family stared to see me come unattended. Martha seated me in her wicker chair—brought me, unasked, a basin of milk warm from the cow—and, while I thanked her for her attention, she expa-

tated on the virtues of Mr. Mortimer—to me the most grateful of all subjects. She told me that a rheumatic complaint had for some years disabled her from earning her living —that her father and mother, old and infirm as they were, could procure but a scanty support for themselves —and that she must have been maintained by the parish, had not Mr. Mortimer, when he came to the parsonage, proved a generous benefactor to them all. He made her father his clerk, and placed them in that cottage, for the convenience of being near him, as he generally sent them provisions from his table. She added, that she made his linen, and, through his recommendation, had many good friends, who found her plenty of employ at her needle. 'But it is not only to us, madam,' continued Martha, 'that he is so indulgent. Every eye throughout the parish gazes at him with joy, and every heart blesses him; for he is good and kind to all.'

"As the grateful creature uttered these words, I saw the tears roll down her cheek, and felt the sympathising drop tremble in my eye.—I begged of her to let me have the satisfaction of contributing with her benefactor, in my endeavours to make them happy.—Martha blessed me for my goodness, and wished that she might live to see me happily married.—I sighed, and was fearful lest her honest simplicity should lead her to talk on a subject which my heart could not bear. To silence her, therefore, I pressed her hand between my trembling fingers, and bade her good morning.

"I thought it was now late: but, on my return, I found that Lady Byron had but just entered the breakfast-parlour.—We had not been long seated, when Mortimer entered.

(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

Fashionable FOLLY;
or, a SKETCH *of the* TIMES.
By MARIA.

"WHEN, my dear love," said the accomplished Mrs. Modish, placing her white hand upon her husband's shoulder—"when do you mean to send to London for the artists to decorate the saloon?"

"Why, really, my dear," replied Mr. Modish, throwing down a newspaper, and stretching his elegant person as he spoke—"to tell you very candidly, I do not think I shall have it done."

"Not have it done!" repeated Mrs. Modish, with a mixture of indignation and astonishment in her tone.

"No!" said her husband, with an air of indifference, stretching out his leg, and admiring its form.

"This insulting mode of conduct is insupportable, Mr. Modish," exclaimed the lady: "and I beg leave to tell you, I will have it done."

This assertion was followed by a slight bow from the gentleman, who began humming a tune.

At that moment the steward entered, actually laden with parchments and accounts; and, "Now, sir," said he, "if you will be pleased to look these papers over, you will find the statement I have given you strictly true; and, what with mortgages, and selling timber, I don't see how we can raise another guinea, till the rents come round:—but, do, sir, let me implore you to look over all the papers."

"Not for the empire of the East, good Mr. Jenkinson, could I undertake such a Herculean task," rejoined Mr. Modish, in a drawling accent.

"What is to be done, sir?" inquired the steward. "Your creditors will no longer be satisfied with promises: I am really hunted like a hare by them; they are so clamorous for immediate payment."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out the inconsiderate Modish—"Then, like the hare, Jenkinson, you must take to covert: but, upon my soul, my honest fellow, I know not what is to be done. Money I *must* have; and money *you must* procure me."

"On my honor, sir," replied the steward, interrupting him, "that is impossible."

During the preceding conversation, Mrs. Modish had been walking, or rather flouncing, up and down the room. At length, darting a furious look at her husband, she angrily demanded "what had become of her fortune?"—With an appearance of assumed ridicule, or apathetic insensibility, he paused a few moments, and then replied—

"Ask the varying wind that blows,
Whence it comes, and whither goes—

"as well may you ask this, as ask what has become of your fortune: —all I know of the matter, is,

"That the money's fairly spent,
And that, like the wind, it went."

"Monster of ingratitude! compound of insolence and inhumanity!" exclaimed Mrs. Modish in an indignant tone of voice: but an amazing scuffle in the adjoining apartment, and several voices pronouncing the name of Modish, suddenly arrested her volubility; and, in the next moment, the door was burst open, and four sheriff's officers surrounded the master of the mansion!—All that levity, which had, a moment before, been so injudiciously displayed, vanished at the sight of these unwelcome intruders:—the paleness of death overspread the now terrified man's countenance:—all frivolity and self-importance suddenly fled; and, throwing himself into an easy chair, he exclaimed, "What will become of me?" then concealed his pallid features, by covering them with his hands.

"Oh! that I should ever have lived to see this day!" said the trusty steward, in a voice almost choked with agitation: "but, thank God! my poor dear old master knows nothing of it; for it would have killed him outright, as sure as my name is Jenkinson!"

During this affecting effusion of sensibility and attachment, the eyes of the now miserable Mr. Modish were directed toward Jenkinson: but his wife stood petrified like a statue, supporting her trembling frame upon a bronze pedestal. One of the bailiffs, who had, in silence, and with a countenance of commiseration, alternately gazed upon the interesting trio, at length addressed himself to the steward, and inquired whether the business could not be settled without taking the 'squire from his comfortable home.

A shake of the head, as intelligible as the most expressive language, was the only reply to this interrogation.—"But we are not going with empty stomachs, I promise you," said another of the bailiffs, ringing the bell, and ordering the servant to bring them the best that the larder could afford.—In less than five minutes, two footmen entered with a partridge-pie, two cold chickens, and potted char; and a third followed, with part of a round of beef, ham, and a deer's tongue.

"We are in the land of plenty, however!" exclaimed one of the sheriff's officers, casting a longing eye upon the various provision: "and now, Mr. butler, or steward," added he, addressing himself to Jenkinson, "we will drink your health, if you will show us some of the contents of your cellar."

The sorrowing Jenkinson instantly quitted the apartment, and sent up, by an inferior servant, a bottle of

sherry, and another of Port—with two of what the footman termed October, and one of brown stout.

The officer, whose appearance and manner had evinced the greatest humanity, as soon as the repast was ended, was requested to step out of the room; for the worthy Jenkinson had dispatched different messengers to three of his master's most intimate friends, in the hope that they would make some exertion to save the man for whom they had professed to feel an inviolable attachment.—The case of the hare, however, and her many friends, was strikingly exemplified in that of the imprudent Mr. Modish:—one was gone to pay a visit to the object of his affection: another had a large family, and dared not hazard their property, even for the dearest of his friends; and a third avowed his determination not to make any exertion to save the credit of a spendthrift.

The disappointed steward then acquainted the bailiff that he had saved fifteen hundred pounds, and placed them in the funds; and, if that sum was sufficient, he was willing to lay down every farthing of it.

"And, pray, how long have you been in service?" inquired the sheriff's officer.—"Fifteen hundred pounds is a good round sum."

"I lived five and twenty years with my present master's father," replied Jenkinson, "and seven and a half with his son; and I had three hundred and fifty pounds left me by my grandmother—God rest her soul!"

"Give me your hand, my honest fellow!" said the bailiff, extending his, as he spoke: "for I am certain you are one of those faithful stewards, who, at the great day of judgement, will be able to give a good account of your stewardship.—But, Mr. steward," added he, "let me give you a bit of counsel.—You have lived an easy life, as I may say, for a number of years; and, if I may judge from *them there* white locks upon your forehead, you cannot be very able to work hard.—Fifteen hundred pounds, to be sure, might induce the creditor who has employed us, to wait a little time: but what does that signify? The day must come for balancing the account; and I candidly tell you, that the coachmaker's bill alone is two thousand, seven hundred, and ninety-six pounds.—If your master owes that sum to one tradesman, I warrant you he has other debts to ten times that amount: and, if you make yourself a beggar to serve him, what is to become of you in your old age? No! no! keep your money, I beg of you; and mayhap you may be able to give your master a few comforts out of it, when he is in jail."

(*To be concluded in the Supplement.*)

Solitary Musings *in a* Country Church.

By Mr. Webb, *Author of "Haverhill," and other Poems.*

(*Continued from page* 499.)

Having obtained a short relaxation from the busy cares and tender anxieties of domestic life, I again explored the awe-inspiring dome, to ruminate among the improving records of mortality.—While some, as fancy wills, are enjoying their autumnal walks, marking the fading, falling leaf, and indulging a not unpleasing melancholy, in beholding the attractions of nature gradually vanishing at the approach of winter;—while others are thronging the crowded theatre, where comic scenes delight the trifling mind—or seeking the tavern, to exhila-

rate their jaded spirits by the rosy bowl, or to soothe their care-tired breasts with the pipe's "bland vapor;"—the task be mine

. . . . "To muse
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray!
To read the monuments, to weigh the dust,
Visit the vaults, and dwell among the tombs!" *Young.*

Entering a pew, I saw, on the floor, a marble memorial, which informed me that a man of consideration, an old bachelor, was interred beneath. He was a singular character, though his peculiarities were not of that prominent nature to attract public notice. The human mind, without any impeding obstacle, is prone to slide into singularity, and to act upon the impulse of the moment. But the nuptial tie, a group of prattlers, and the exorbitant expense, (the certain consequence of such a situation) are well calculated to rouse the latent energies and dormant principles of the heart to active exertions, and to banish those traits of oddity which so often distinguish the characters of those "who live and die in single blessedness."

The eccentricities of the old bachelor have frequently excited the ebullitions of the wit, the satire of the poet, and the sneers of the cynic. Here I, too, might contribute my mite of ridicule: but I forbear, on so serious an occasion, to indulge in ludicrous observation. Notwithstanding a few harmless irregularities, and venial inconsistencies, if his heart was right in the sight of his Maker, he was a happy man:

"The noblest character he acted well,
And Heav'n applauded, when the curtain fell." *Garrick.*

Hard by, lies entombed a gloomy suicide, who, suffering under some domestic disquietudes, boldly presumed to rush unsummoned to the bar of Omnipotence.—But why laid beneath this hallowed roof, within this consecrated grave? Why not buried beside the highway, that the heaving sod might admonish the thoughtless passenger to abhor the baleful deed, to cherish his existence, to spare himself?—Prompted more by a criminal delicacy of feeling, than by a conscious rectitude of principle, a jury of neighbours, unmindful of the solemn oath they have taken, generally pronounce a self-murderer insane:

"For oft, when unbelief, grown sick of life,
Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife,
The jury meet: the coroner is short:
And *Lunacy*'s the verdict of the court." *Cowper.*

Respecting the present unhappy character, no evidence appeared, that could in the least degree prove his insanity:—but, the anxieties of life beginning to gather thick around him, and the wife of his bosom affording no solace to his wounded mind—in an evil hour, he sought refuge from the cares of time in the silent shades of death—

"Fool! to condemn to never-ceasing woe
That vivid spark of the etherial fire,
Which might have mounted to the realms of bliss,
For ever triumph'd in eternal day. . . . . .
" 'Tis but to die!" the modern hero cries:
" 'Tis but a shock, a momentary pang:
'Tis but the effort of a single blow;
And then" . . . . .

What then? The affrighted disembodied spirit is conveyed by dæmons to the mansions of despair, where hope never beams one enlivening ray.

Death, even when he appears in his mildest form, is awful: but the

closing scene of a suicide must be tremendous in the extreme. Life, at its utmost length, is denominated a span: then why, preposterous mortal, attempt to curtail it?—If the clouds of misfortune gloom thy days, *Live!* To-morrow's sun may shine more bright, and dispel the interposing vapor.—If Sickness has laid his pallid hand on thy frame, and rendered existence intolerable, *Live!* Health may descend on a May sunbeam, and strew thy future path with roses.—If Poverty approaches thy dwelling, and appalls thy heart with his haggard appearance, *Live!* Fortune may yet dispense her golden showers, and plenty crown thy humble board.—If the scorpions of conscience sting thy peace, *Live!* and let the tear of repentance wash out the stains of thy guilt.—If thy life has been unsullied with vice, and untainted with iniquity, still *Live*, and enjoy at length, through mercy, a glorious immortality.

The following animated expostulation, from a sermon lately published, is so apposite to my present subject, that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of quoting it. "Who gave thee, thoughtless man, permission to quench that eloquent eye in the darkness of death? By what warrant dost thou reduce those active limbs to an incapacity for motion and exertion? Who gave thee licence to dissolve the earthly house of thy tabernacle with thine own hands? Touch, at thy peril, a single pin! Loosen, if thou darest, the minutest cord! Are not the ravages of time alone sufficiently expeditious? Reverence thyself! thou art a mysterious compound: thou art the resemblance of thy God!—Do thyself no harm."

Retiring from the sacred edifice, I passed over the tomb of the kind-hearted, the generous, the lamented Benvoglio—a truly estimable character, whose interesting exterior was an index to his mind, and whose gentle breast was the rendezvous of every milder virtue.—He was an excellent master, an obliging friend, and a good neighbour—and lived beloved by all who partook of the pleasure resulting from his acquaintance—

> "Till wan Consumption, with her baneful spunge,
> Dropp'd its green poison o'er the springs of life." *Ogilvie.*

At his exit, the tear of friendship bedewed his bier; and his memory is still embalmed in the fond recollection of surviving relatives and connexions.—'Tis a pleasing consolation, while sighing over the grave of departed worth, to reflect, that, although the immortal mind has put off the troublesome garb of mortality, and ascended to the spheres of light, it may perhaps be permitted to descend on messages of love, and to hover near beloved friends—a guardian seraph. Yes! 'tis a consoling thought, that, although the mortal frame has fallen, dishonored and deformed, into its parent dust; yet, when the trump of the archangel shall echo through heaven's ample concave, and shake the regions of the dead, it shall rise clad in robes of immortality, blooming in immortal youth, and glittering in all the radiance of celestial beauty, to dwell in courts of bliss, where pleasure ever reigns, and joy's pure stream perpetual flows.

(*To be continued in the Supplement.*)

The Old Woman.

(*Continued from page* 503.)

N°. 12.—*The real* Enjoyment *of* Riches.

The desire of becoming rich is a passion so predominant in the human bosom, that there is scarcely an individual who does not feel the force

of it; and, if the desire of disposing of those riches in the manner that the beneficent Author of them intended, equally influenced our actions, fortune might then, indeed, be considered as one of the first of blessings.—The observation which our Saviour made upon those who possess this too ardently wished-for blessing, one would imagine, might have been sufficient to check the eagerness of pursuit: but the awful declaration, that "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God," seems to have made no more impression upon the imagination, than if he had said that fortune would enable a man to reach the heavenly abode.

It is not, however, to be supposed, that riches will obstruct our passage to that desired haven, if they be properly and judiciously used. On the contrary, they afford a wider field for the practice of those virtues which render us acceptable in the eye of God.—To feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, are positive duties, which we are enjoined to fulfill, but which only a small part of the community possess the power of performing.

It, therefore, cannot be the possession of wealth, but the misapplication of it, which renders the rich man's chance of future happiness precarious; and we are repeatedly told in the sacred writings, that, where much has been given, much will be required.—Great God! to a mind naturally benevolent, how unnecessary appears the term!—for the gratification which is derived from an act of beneficence, at once delights and improves the heart! The prayers of the aged, and the supplications of the orphan, will fall like the dew of heaven upon the head of the benevolent philanthrope, whose diffusive hand feeds the hungry, and administers medicine to the sick.

Yet there is something more than mere donation requisite: the *mode* of giving greatly enhances the gift: nay, it is even possible to confer a kindness in so ungracious a manner, that, instead of feeling relieved, the mind actually becomes oppressed.—But, when delicacy is blended with benevolence and humanity—and the liberality of the disposition is displayed in the nobleness of the gift—it is then that the obliged party feels the full force of the obligation, though the power of language may be incapable of expressing it.

What refined sensations must a mind of this description experience, in reflecting upon the effect produced by the exercise of benevolence!—with what secret satisfaction must such god-like beings recline their heads upon the pillow, knowing that they have comforted the afflicted, and supplied the needy with bread!

These heart-sustaining thoughts, these soul-enlivening reflexions, must surely attend thee, Oh F***m! thou, who hast poured the balm of consolation into my bosom, and munificently relieved my embarrassments! May that Being, whose ministering angel of comfort thou hast proved, shield thee from every sorrow to which even those in thy exalted sphere of life are exposed!—may he reward thy virtues, even in this stage of existence, and crown them with glory in a future world!

In attempting faintly to draw a picture of those exquisite gratifications which must necessarily attend the practice of benevolence, my ideas naturally reverted to the friend and benefactress from whom I have received such decided proofs of munificence; and I found it im-

possible to avoid expressing the strong effusions of a grateful heart.

That wealth is a sacred deposit, intrusted to us for the noblest purposes, even those who do not use it as such, will not attempt to controvert: yet, while they admit the truth of the assertion, they do not direct it into its proper course.—While the affluent are required to sweeten the cup of sorrow, and to relieve the necessities of the poor, they are not expected to deprive themselves of those gratifications, which rank and fortune are justly entitled to.—Every station of life has certain duties attached to it; and certain dignities, which it ought not to forego: in fact, the sustaining them is beneficial to society, and consequently of the greatest use.

Arts and manufactures depend, in a great measure, upon the support of the affluent:—put mankind upon a level, and they would fall into decay; and, if the man of fortune were not to adorn his mansion with paintings and splendid hangings, genius would want a stimulus, and talent pine away.

The pleasures of the world, likewise, when resorted to in moderation, can only be censured by the cynic and the misanthrope. That all-wise and beneficent Being who rules the universe, would never have given us a disposition to enjoy them, if they were merely a tantalising snare. It is the abuse, not the use, of these innocent enjoyments, which renders them reprehensible: it is when they occupy too large a portion of our time, and become, as I have observed in a former essay*, the business, instead of the recreation, of life.

Advocate as I am for the practice of benevolence, and convinced as I am of the refined gratification which that practice imparts; yet there are various other purposes to which riches may be directed, by which they may become equally beneficial.—It is by the diffusion of wealth that arts and commerce flourish; that the laborer and the mechanic eat industry's wholesome food. To how many poor families does the man of fortune give the bread of comfort! and how many individuals subsist beneath his roof!—Some of the latter, I will allow, may eat the bread of idleness: but, if naturally indolent, would they, without his assistance, have any other means of support? or, rather than labor, might not some of them fly to disgraceful practices, for the means of support?

To possess the power of contributing to the happiness of others, is certainly one of the most refined and most gratifying of human blessings: yet the mind must be at peace, and the heart in the right situation, for the possessor completely to relish the enjoyment of wealth.—There must be no scruples of conscience as to the mode by which we have acquired that dear possession, no harassing apprehension of having it scrutinised; or the pillow of down affords no rest to the temples, and the velvet canopy is suspended over sleepless eyes!

What an extensive scope for the dissemination of riches is afforded by the number of charitable institutions which adorn this happy country where the youthful mind is taught the duties of religion and morality, and asylums are opened for the infirm, the aged, and the poor! There are numberless infirmaries, where sickness is attended by the most eminent of the faculty, and

* *No. 4, in our Magazine for April.*

sustained, under its sufferings, by the most tender care; in others, the blind receive their sight, the dumb are taught to articulate, and the deaf have their hearing restored!

These wide-spreading blessings owe their origin to thee, O Benevolence! It is thy sustaining influence, thy cheering god-like power, which sooths the afflictions of those who are bowed down with sorrow, nourishes feeble infancy, and affords raiment to the poor!—Possessing advantages like these, must not riches be considered as a blessing? They are treasures committed to our trust by the great parent of the universe, for supporting and strengthening that chain of mutual dependence, which binds the varying classes of society more firmly together!

The HONORS *of the* TABLE.

(*From Miss* HAWKINS'S " *Countess and Gertrude*.")

AMONG a company assembled to dine at the house of Mr. Sydenham, the fair authoress introduces Colonel Fashionist, with his lady; and, upon Mrs. Sydenham's taking the head of her table—

" Oh! you antediluvian!" (exclaims Mrs. Fashionist) " how can you take the fag of heading your table? The colonel never lets me do it: and I'm so obliged to him!"

" Your health is delicate," said Mrs. Sydenham; " I have not that excuse."

" Oh! if my health were ever* so good, he would not let me do it."

" I am sure, Catharine, I do not hinder you," said the colonel: " you do not like carving; and I cannot say you *shine* in it; but I should think, in not *permitting* you to head your table, I should do you wrong. What say you on the subject, Lady Mary? Do you like the present fashion of abdication?"

" Not at all, I confess," said Lady Mary. " I always think, when I see it, of Hogarth's carpenter sawing off the end of the sign-post on which he sits. The young women of the present day complain—a complaint I never heard in my time—that the gentlemen are negligent. At balls, I understand, it is the sport of the military, who are always in request on such occasions, to walk the room in companies, and, when asked to dance, to give a negative, for the sake of making the poor ladies sit still; but if they choose to give up their places in one situation, they must not complain, if they are thrust out of them in another. The mistress of a family who is too idle or too fine—Mrs. Fashionist, I know, is excused by her health—but she who has no excuse, and yet chooses to quit, ought not to wonder if her husband hinted, that her chair might be more agreeably filled: there is something so helpless in a woman who cannot do the honors of her table; and, in my opinion, a woman never appears to more advantage than in the exercise of hospitality: there is something so uncomfortable in looking amongst the company for the mistress of the house; and I am

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* To the younger class of our fair readers we would observe, that, in all phrases of this kind, instead of *Ever*, they should use *Never*, and say " *Never so good*"—" *Never so well*," &c.—as we find the word employed, with the strictest propriety, in our English Bible (Genesis, 34, 12, and Psalm 58, 5.—Constructed with *Ever*, such phrases, when analysed, do not express the intended idea, or, indeed, *any* idea at all to the purpose; whereas, with *Never*, they convey a strong emphatic meaning.—Those who wish to be satisfied on the subject, may find it formally discussed and elucidated in Dr. CAREY'S " *Practical English Prosody and Versification*"—a little book, which contains a variety of philological remarks on many points not satisfactorily treated in our common grammars. EDITOR.

sure the tendency of the fashion is so bad, that, I own, it rather excites my anger, which has, however, this consolation, that a foolish fashion is seldom a lasting one; so I hope, before I die, to see my young married friends again in their proper places."

The RUINED ABBEY.

By J. M. LACEY, *Author of the "Farm-House, and other Poems."*

"Here, rapt in studious thought, let fancy rove." *Ogilvie.*

BY the permission of a gentleman to whom the ruins belonged, and whose garden led to them—which indeed had originally been the abbey garden—I was lately favored with permission to visit the remains of a once-mitred abbey. It was in the afternoon of a fine day in October that I commenced my survey. I was alone; and the mild glow of the sun shed its mellowing lustre upon the masses of ruin that encumbered the ground. I was in rather a contemplative mood; and, upon turning from the garden into the abbey-yard, my eye caught what had been the principal gateway of the abbey, a really beautiful ruin. The sun's rays were streaming though its crannied sides. I involuntarily paused; and my thoughts led me back to the time when the portals of that gateway had received the solemn procession to the altar of the patron saint; or when the timid maid sought the confessional, to pour on some monkish ear the tale of her venial sins, and receive absolution; or when (and I liked that thought best) the wicket opened at night, to receive some weary traveller, who sought the shelter of the abbey, and craved the benevolence of its inmates.

"All this has been," I exclaimed: "but how different the scene now! The gateway alone, and the remains of some Gothic windows in what was once the chapel, are the only parts now left, to convey an idea of magnificence. Yet here kings have been gaily lodged, and the soft bed of down has received the returning warrior's head. The only shelter, now to be found, is yonder shed, to receive the cattle that wander over the verdure of this spot, and give it too a beauty.

Pride here may pause upon the awful change,
And view destruction's amply-spreading range:
This pile once brav'd the tempest's roughest rage,
Nor seem'd to fear the surer storm of age;
But Time, assisted by destroying man,
Has barely left what marks the builder's plan. *Author's Poems.*

I passed on between the walls, or rather the remains of walls, that had once inclosed the chapel and the shrine; and Fancy, with her usual promptitude, began to people the spot with various beings. Here knelt a pilgrim, wafting a pious prayer to the saint: there a comely monk stood ready to receive his offering, while another displayed some rare relique to his enraptured gaze. Anon entered a solemn procession, amid the pealings of the organ. Superstition seemed to lead the way, having her train borne by Ignorance. Hypocrisy came next, with an immense book of psalmody in her hand, chanting aloud to the organ. Credulity followed her, all eye and ear; while Piety and Contrition closed the rear, following with downcast eyes and trembling steps, as if afraid of their bolder companions.—Now the organ ceased: the procession vanished; and all was still. The ruins again appeared in all their nakedness; and I fancied, with Ogilvie, that I beheld the destroyer, Time, standing full in view.

. . . . "Where ruin lours,
'Mid fanes and wrecks and tumbling tow'rs,

On the steep height waste and bare,
Stands the pow'r with hoary hair!
O'er his scythe he bends:—his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
While the Hours, an airy ring,
Lightly flit with downy wing,
And sap the works of man;—and shade
With silver'd locks his furrow'd head.
Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad
survey,
And seals the nations' awful doom:
He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray:
He yields to joy the festive day;
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and
marks them for the tomb."

Ogilvie's Ode to Time.

I was suddenly awaked from this day-dream by a tap on the shoulder.—It was a friend, who had followed me from the house. "Come! come!" said he—"Do you know that the sun is just sinking to the horizon, and that it will soon be night?"—I told him how I had been amusing myself; and, as we hurried over the rest of the ruins, we commented on the happy change from such days of dark superstition, in which I had just before been fancy-led, to the present enlightened period.

The last part of the ruins we examined, and rather a perfect part, had been the dungeon. The immense rings were still in the walls, to which the unhappy prisoners had been chained. I could scarcely refrain from tears, at the fate of beings who had been at rest for ages; and the idea, that religion, which

"Asks but a life of piety and praise,"

should have been the pretext for enchaining a human being. Oppression, assuming her heavenly garb, may have torn the sufferer from the light of day, may have doomed him, "unheard, unpitied, and unknown," to the dungeon's gloom; and may have kept him there, till the mandate of Mercy called his soul to heaven, thus releasing him from the oppressor's grasp:—but to brand the name of religion with such a deed, is foul.

Turning from the scene, I exclaimed—

"Here unknown innocents in silence wept!
Lost to their friends, and to their country dead,
In silent agony they droop'd the head,
Fast to the wall by strongest fetters bound;
Their only bed, the damp, unwholesome ground;
To sooth their sorrows, no dear friend in view;
The minutes, told in anguish, slowly flew,
Till, in a pray'r, they gave their last faint breath,
Sunk in their chains, and sought repose in death!"

Author's Poems.

A Five-o'-Clock DINNER.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

As the very title of your publication announces it peculiarly devoted to the female part of society, and as I have found in it many characteristic traits of the virtues they possess, I flatter myself you will not imagine that I wish to diminish their importance in society, if I venture, through the channel of your pages, to point out one of their failings.

As an apology for presuming to throw a shade over their numerous perfections, allow me to inform you, Mr. Editor, that I am a man of business; and, to use the words of the immortal Dryden, I think "the day was made, to number out the hours of busy men;"—or, in other words, permit me to say, I allot a certain portion of the day to recreation, but the greater part of it to matters of superior importance.—At the Exchange, yesterday, I accidentally met a particular acquaintance, who informed me that an old friend of mine was on a visit at his house, and invited me to meet him, assuring me that he should dine precisely at five o'clock.

Desirous as I felt to renew an intercourse with a man to whom I had been attached in my early years, I at first declined the invitation, because I had a particular engagement at eight o' clock.—My hospitable acquaintance eagerly demanded in what part of the town my appointment was fixed; and, upon my naming the London Coffee-house, he reminded me, that, from his abode, I could be there in less than three minutes.

"But, Charles," said I, "recollect, that the five o'clock dinner-hour frequently means six."

"That is not the case at our house," replied my friend. "I assure you, my cook is punctual to the very moment; and I have established a rule, to which I regularly adhere, of never waiting for any man."

"I will not put your politeness to the test—rely upon it," said I, shaking him by the hand, and accepting his invitation: "but remember, I must quit you at the time I have mentioned."

Having transacted my morning business, and adorned my person, I knocked at the door of my friend's house, a few minutes before the appointed hour, and was shown up into a drawing room containing a mixed assemblage of about fifteen persons; and, amid the motley group, I easily recognised my old schoolfellow.—Several minutes passed in mutual interrogations, until a sense of politeness convinced me that it was necessary to make the conversation more general. With this view, directing my eyes toward the spot where the mistress of the house had been seated at the moment of my entrance, I intended making some inquiry respecting her children.—The bird, however, was flown: I therefore addressed myself to a young lady in the next chair to me, and unfortunately began a conversation upon the amusements of the town—I say, unfortunately, Mr. Editor, from having found it an inexhaustible theme.—Such an overflow of language, sir—such an exuberance of fancy, upon a subject so completely uninteresting to me, I believe never was any poor fellow compelled to listen to:—in fact, I sat in actual purgatory.

In vain did I steal a glance toward the door, in expectation of hearing the welcome sound of "Dinner's on the table" or to witness the return of the mistress of the house.—Neither mistress nor servant made their appearance; but at length I had the happiness of seeing the master pull out his watch, and, in a tone of astonishment, exclaim, "God bless me! why, it is five and twenty minutes past six!"

The master of the mansion, during my conversation with the young lady just mentioned, had unwarily been drawn into an elaborate discussion upon the probable rise of the stocks, which so completely interested his imagination, that the deviation from the general system of punctuality was totally forgotten; but the trusty watch having reminded him of this breach of orders, he rang the bell with the greatest violence.

Mistress and servant instantly obeyed the summons.—"Maria!" he exclaimed, "do you know it is near half past six o'clock? Such an instance of neglect in my servants, I assure you, my dear sir," said he, addressing himself to me, "has never before occurred since I kept house.—Order up the dinner, my dear, I conjure you," he added, addressing himself to his wife—"that fine turbot, I am persuaded, will be spoiled."

"Oh! do not distress yourself further:—I am certain the turbot is already spoiled: yet, what is to be done?" said the lady in a tone of equal vexation. "You know, the Merlingtons are not yet arrived!—This is the comfort of your new west-end of the town associates, who never dine till nine or ten at night!—I declare, Mr C***, since the hour I was married, I never was half so vexed in my life."

At that moment, however, a violent knock at the street door announced the arrival of the expected guests. The drawing-room door was thrown open, and Mr. and Mrs. Merlington made their appearance.—"How delighted I am to see you, my dear Mrs. C***!" said Mrs. Merlington, taking a rapid sweep round the room, as she approached the mistress of the mansion: "but I declare, upon my honor, I never expected to enjoy that felicity; our carriage met with so many impediments!—and you dine at so early an hour, I was under the necessity of putting off several morning engagements."

The, to me, welcome tidings of "Dinner on the table" prevented the lady of the house from replying:—and the master of it taking the hand of this fashionable female, the rest of the gentlemen followed his example.—The turbot was, in truth, spoiled—the venison over-roasted—the ragouts all stewed to rags: and, though our entertainers endeavoured to conceal their vexation, it was evident that their temper was sacrificed to their politeness.—To me, a rump-steak would have been far preferable; for I should then have relished my dinner, and enjoyed the society of my old friend: but, circumstanced as I was, I could do neither, from the apprehension that I should not be able to keep my appointment.

Before the cloth was removed, I contrived to peep under it, and take a transient view of my watch, which too faithfully reported ten minutes after the hour of my appointment.

Without being a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Editor, I have a sufficient knowledge of good-breeding, to be aware that some attention is due to the master and mistress of every house, and of course I felt the impropriety of rising from the table before the cloth was removed.—The introduction of water-glasses delayed this removal; and it was necessary that I should drink my hospitable entertainer's first toast; which having done, I privately made my apology to him, and hastened with the utmost expedition to the London Coffee-house.

The clock struck nine, as I entered it.—"Sir," said the waiter, "Mr. W**** is gone. He waited near an hour in expectation of seeing you, and desired me to say, he had a particular appointment at nine o'clock."

From want of punctuality, Mr. Editor, in the engagement alluded to, I have actually lost five thousand pounds; for, at nine o'clock, the gentleman whom I was to have met, concluded with another person a government contract, by which I should have cleared that sum.

Though neither affairs of business, nor government contracts, may appear to have any connexion with the Lady's Magazine; yet, as it was through the tardiness and impunctuality of a fair lady that I assuredly lost the sum I have described, I think you will confer an obligation upon society by allowing the matter of fact which I have related, to occupy a place in your pages.

"Let all things be done in order,"

says the apostle.—Regularity and order constitute the comfort of life; and the female, who does not pay strict attention to them in the arrangement of her affairs and the distribution of her time, can never—I will venture to say—make a good wife.

I do not attempt to throw the blame of my loss upon Mrs. C***'s shoulders, for not having ordered her dinner to be served up at the appointed time; for I am persuaded her husband was too much gratified by his ministerial acquaintance, to feel any serious mortification at the turbot, &c. being spoiled: but I would wish to see the Mrs. Merlingtons of the present age brought to a little reflexion, and taught to consider that punctuality is necessary to the proper dispatch of business, and that all the domestic parts of it chiefly depend upon female arrangement.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient humble servant,

A Man of Punctuality.

ICELANDIC HOSPITALITY.

FROM Mr. Hooker's interesting "Journal of a Tour in Iceland," we have extracted the following description of an entertainment, given by the Stiftsamptman (or governor) to the author and his friends, which will afford our fair readers some amusement, by the striking contrast which it forms to the elegant ease of English hospitality.

The arranging of a dinner-table is attended in Iceland with little trouble, and would afford no scope for the display of the elegant abilities of an experienced English housekeeper. On the cloth was nothing but a plate, a knife and fork, a wine-glass, and a bottle of claret, for each guest, except that in the middle stood a large and handsome glass caster of sugar, with a magnificent silver top. The natives are not in the habit of drinking malt liquor or water, nor is it customary to eat salt with their meals. The dishes are brought in singly: our first was a large turenne of soup, which is a favorite addition to the dinners of the richer people, and is made of sago, claret, and raisins, boiled so as to become almost a mucilage. We were helped to two soup-plates full of this, which we ate without knowing if any thing more was to come. No sooner, however, was the soup removed, than two large salmon, boiled and cut in slices, were brought in, and, with them, melted butter, looking like oil, mixed with vinegar and pepper: this, likewise, was very good; and, when we had with some difficulty cleared our plates, we hoped we had finished our dinner. Not so; for there was then introduced a turenne full of the eggs of the cree, or great tern, boiled hard, of which a dozen were put upon each of our plates; and, for sauce, we had a large basin of cream, mixed with sugar, in which were four spoons, so that we all ate out of the same bowl, placed in the middle of the table. We petitioned hard to be excused from eating the whole of the eggs upon our plates, but we petitioned in vain. "You are my guests," said he, "and this is the first time you have done me the honor of a visit; therefore you must do as *I* would have you: in future, when you come to see me, you may do as *you* like." In his own excuse, he pleaded his age for not following our example *; to

* In Kamtschatka, according to Kracheninnikow, when a feast is given to a person for the purpose of gaining his friendship, the master of the house eats nothing during the repast: he is at liberty to go out when he pleases: but his guest cannot go, until he has acknowledged himself fairly conquered.

which we could make no reply. We devoured with difficulty our eggs and cream; but had no sooner dismissed our plates, than half a sheep, well roasted, came on, with a mess of sorrel, called by the Danes scurvy-grass, boiled, mashed, and sweetened with sugar. It was to no purpose we assured our host that we had already eaten more than would do us good: he filled our plates with the mutton and sauce, and made us get through it as well as we could; although any one of the dishes, of which we had before partaken, was sufficient for the dinner of a moderate man. However, even this was not all; for a large dish of waffels, as they are here called, that is to say, a sort of pancake, made of wheat-flour, flat, and roasted in a mould, which forms a number of squares on the top, succeeded the mutton. They were not more than half an inch thick, and about the size of an octavo book. The Stiftsamptman said he would be satisfied, if each of us would eat two of them; and with these moderate terms we were forced to comply. For bread, Norway biscuit, and loaves made of rye, were served up: for our drink, we had nothing but claret, of which we were all compelled to empty the bottle that stood by us, and this, too, out of tumblers, rather than wine-glasses. It is not the custom in this country to sit after dinner over the wine; but we had, instead of it, to drink just as much coffee as the Stiftsamptman thought proper to give us. The coffee was certainly extremely good, and, we trusted, it would terminate the feast. But all was not yet over: for a huge bowl of rum punch was brought in, and handed round in large glasses pretty freely, and to every glass a toast was given. If at any time we flagged in drinking, "Baron Banks" was always the signal for emptying our glasses, in order that we might have them filled with bumpers, to drink to his health; a task that no Englishman ought to hesitate about complying with most gladly; though assuredly, if any exception might be made to such a rule, it would be in an instance like the present. We were threatened with still another bowl, after we should have drained this; and accordingly another actually came, which we were with difficulty allowed to refuse to empty entirely; nor could this be done, but by ordering our people to get the boat ready for our departure, when, having concluded this extraordinary feast † by three cups of tea each, we took our leave, ... but did not for some time recover the effects of this most involuntary intemperance.

Irish Character.

In his "View of the Circumstances of Ireland," Mr. Newenham, expressing his well-founded expectation of future harmony and cordiality between the Roman Catholics and Protestants of Ireland, makes the following judicious and important remarks.

The constituent qualities of the Irish character have, confessedly, upon the whole, a much stronger and more direct tendency to promote amity and concord, than to eternise enmity and discord; to augment than to diminish the happiness of social life. Austerity, inflexibility, moroseness, despondency, and a propensity to brood over imaginary

† On afterwards relating the anecdote of the Stiftsamptman's dinner to Count Tramp, he assured me that he had partaken of a similar one himself, when he first went over to the island; at which time soup was served upon the table, made from the boiling down of a whole bullock.

mischiefs, and remote problematical dangers, are certainly not the distinguishing features of the general character of the Irish. On the contrary, that character, though by no means free from very considerable blemishes, obviously presents a rare assemblage of the most attractive, conciliatory, and generous qualities. The frankness, the affability, the vivacity, the good humour, the flexibility, the sympathy, the cordiality, and the sincerity of the Irish are generally known and admired. They are not by nature disposed to permanent mutual animosity or repulsion; but by nature impelled to friendship and conviviality; and by nature eminently qualified to impart and enjoy the utmost degree of social happiness. Such qualities and such propensities are obviously calculated to accelerate the extinction of religious enmity. In fact, the Irish begin to grow weary of it; and perhaps it may not be too sanguine to expect, that, ere long, the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland, yielding to the impulse of nature, will live as amicably together, as Protestants and Roman Catholics are found to do in other European countries, and in the United States of America.

Biographic Sketch of Mrs. Siddons.

(With an accurate Likeness.)

The favored votary of the tragic Muse, whose portrait graces our present Number, seems to have been destined by birth, as well as by genius, to move in the dramatic sphere —in which her grandfather and both her parents had moved before her, though not with a success so brilliant as that of their inimitable descendent, yet not without credit and applause.

Her father, Mr. Roger Kemble—descended (it is said) from a respectable family in Herefordshire or its vicinity—at an early age, made his *début* in the world as a theatric performer. Enlisted under the banners of Mr. Ward, the manager of an itinerant company of players in Wales and the neighbouring English counties, he privately married the daughter of his employer; and the young couple, having by this step incurred his severe displeasure, were reduced to the necessity of engaging in another strolling company, whose field of action lay chiefly in Cheshire and Lancashire. In this line they continued for a few years; during which time they gave birth to their daughter Sarah, the subject of the present brief memoir. —At length, her grandfather, Mr. Ward, was reconciled to her parents, invited them back to his presence and his favor, and resigned the management of his company to her father.

Miss Kemble's first appearance on the stage was in the capacity of a singer, in which her first essays afforded a flattering promise of future success. This vocation, however, she soon renounced, from a consciousness of possessing talents calculated to shine in a superior department—that of tragedy, to which, thenceforward, she chiefly devoted her attention, though, at the same time, not inattentive to comedy.

While thus engaged as an actress, she won the affections of Mr. Siddons, a member of the same dramatic corps with herself, and conceived for him a reciprocal passion: but, her inclinations in this instance being thwarted, she determined on quitting the company, to avoid the society of a man whom she was forbidden to marry. Accordingly, renouncing her theatric pursuits, she engaged, as lady's maid, with Mrs. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, in War-

wickshire. Still, however, her *penchant* for Mr. Siddons remained unabated; and, being resolved to indulge it at all events, she eloped with him at the end of twelve months spent in her menial station —was privately married to him, and, together with him, joined an itinerant company under the management of Mr. Crump, to whom her abilities, even at this early period of her career, proved a very valuable acquisition.—Nor was the connexion eventually less fortunate for herself: for, chance having conducted this company to the vicinity of an opulent family in Lancashire, her performance won their approbation, and that of their numerous and respectable visitors, and secured to her an interest with them, which soon procured for her a more profitable engagement under Mr. Younger, to perform at Liverpool, Birmingham, and other places in the surrounding districts.

Here she improved her talents, and extended her fame, until—after a few years thus spent on the provincial stage with daily increasing applause—she, in 1775, transferred her services to Drury-Lane theatre, at the invitation of Mr. Garrick, who, while he allowed her a salary of six pounds per week, confined her exhibition to second-rate characters, both in tragedy and comedy.

Piqued at this disparaging degradation—and disgusted by some very illiberal and scurrilous strictures in a newspaper, from the author of an unsuccessful after-piece in which she unfortunately had acted a part —she quitted Drury-Lane, and, in 1776, repaired to Bath, where her talents became so conspicuous, that many amateurs of the drama travelled thither from the metropolis, solely for the pleasure of witnessing her performance.

About the year 1781, she enjoyed the patronage of many ladies of high rank—among others, of the Duchess of Devonshire, whose recommendation, together with that of Mr. Whalley the poet, procured for her a new engagement at Drury-Lane theatre, under Mr. Sheridan, at ten pounds a week: and she recommenced her career on the metropolitan stage in October, 1782, in the character of *Isabella* in the "*Fatal Marriage.*" In this her favorite character, and in every other which she undertook, she displayed such powers as astonished and enraptured her auditors; and so strong was the attraction of her performance, that, on every night of her appearance, the house was crowded, to overflowing.

While such was the general enthusiasm in her favor, Mr. Sheridan, who found the theatric treasury materially enriched by the success of her exertions, was not backward to acknowledge and reward her superior merit, but, with a liberality which redounds highly to his honor, spontaneously doubled her salary, besides allowing her an extra benefit before the Christmas holidays. —The play, selected for her night, was "*Venice preserved:*" her performance, in the part of *Belvidera*, was excellent beyond description; and her profits were great beyond example: for, in addition to the regular produce of a crowded and overflowing house, she received presents for tickets, from the nobility and gentry, to a very considerable amount. On this occasion, too, a still more honorable mark of approbation was conferred upon her by the gentlemen of the bar, who, at the instance of counsellors Pigott and Fielding, transmitted to her a subscription purse of a hundred guineas, accompanied with a very

flattering letter of thanks for the pleasure and instruction which they had derived from the exertion of her transcendent abilities.

In the following summer, she visited the metropolis of Ireland, where—notwithstanding the characteristic sprightliness and animation of the sons of Erin, naturally more consonant to the laughing cheerfulness of comedy, than to the tearful sadness of the tragic Muse—she attracted crowded audiences, who feelingly acknowledged the power of her talents, which they loudly applauded, and liberally rewarded.

On her return to London, she again made her appearance at Drury-Lane in September 1783, by particular command of their Majesties, who were highly captivated by her performance: and, during the whole of the season, her attraction operated as strongly on the public, and as profitably to her employers, as in the preceding winter.

After the close of the theatric campaign in London, she again visited Ireland, where the admiration of her talents was not confined to the metropolis: for the manager of a petty theatre in the northern part of the island actually gave her five hundred pounds for ten nights' performance, and gained considerably by his bargain; though, antecedently to this transaction, his total receipts had perhaps never exceeded fifty pounds in one night.—From Ireland, she proceeded to Edinburgh, where she also performed ten nights, for a remuneration of a thousand pounds.—Wherever she appeared, she was sure to captivate: and such was the effect of her inimitable performances, that she received numerous and valuable presents—many of them anonymous—and, among the latter, a superb silver urn, sent after her to London, with the flattering inscription, "*A Reward to Merit*," engraved on it.

Upon her return to the British metropolis, instead of the cheering favor and applause with which she was wont to be hailed, she experienced a very different treatment from the public. A writer in a newspaper had published some gross misrepresentations of her conduct toward her sister, and falsely accused her of avarice and illiberality in certain transactions with two distressed players; and these calumnies had excited and inflamed the public indignation against her to such a height, that, on her first appearance, to a very crowded house, in October, 1784, she was received with violent hissings, and loud and re-iterated cries of "*Off! Off!*"—She accordingly withdrew from the stage: but, being recalled by the united voices of her friends in different parts of the house, she again came forward, and, after about an hour of tumultuous uproar, obtained a silent hearing; when, addressing the audience with dignified composure and fortitude, she, by a calm and clear statement of facts, completely refuted the charges against her—satisfactorily proved her innocence—and was at length quietly suffered to proceed with her part.

But, though she thus came off victorious from the unequal contest, she escaped not without a wound—so deep a wound to her indignant sensibility, that she determined to bid an eternal adieu to the stage, and never more expose herself to insult in courting the precarious favor of the fickle public. Luckily, however, for the amateurs of the drama, she suffered her resolution to be shaken by the remonstrances of her friends, and by a laudable maternal wish to make better provision for

her rising family:—she consented to renew her engagement: the cloud of obloquy was soon dispersed; and her character, as well as her talents, again shone forth with additional lustre—a lustre, not a little heightened by the countenance given to her at this period by their Majesties, who frequently invited her and her brother Mr. Kemble to Buckingham-House and Windsor, to recite dramatic pieces for their entertainment.

After a renewed and un-interrupted enjoyment of the public favor for some years, she determined, at the close of the season of 1789, to withdraw for a while from the London stage, though not altogether from the theatric life: for, during the summer, she exhibited her powers in the provincial theatres at Weymouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, &c. where her performances proved invariably profitable to her employers, and productive to herself of considerable emoluments.

About the end of the year, she returned to London in ill health: but, after a while, she entered into a new engagement with the managers of Drury-Lane theatre, under a stipulation altogether novel in theatric contracts, viz. that she was to receive a stated sum for each night's performance, but that the appointment of the particular nights was to depend chiefly on her own choice.

About this time, the death of Mr. Siddons left her a widow; in which character as well as that of a mother and a wife, her conduct has uniformly been irreproachable and exemplary.

Her connexion with Drury-Lane theatre continued, on the terms above mentioned, until her brother, Mr. John Kemble, acquired a share, as proprietor, in that of Covent-Garden, and became acting manager. Soon after this event, she enlisted under his fraternal banner, and, by this transfer of her talents, gained for that theatre a preference with the public, which has proved highly beneficial to the proprietors, while her own profits were at the same time materially increased.

Thus she continued her dramatic career, acting on the London stage in the winter, and, in summer, at different provincial theatres, until at length—sated with honors, and content with her pecuniary acquisitions—she wisely determined to retire from public life, before the pressure of accumulating years should have deprived her of the power of pleasing. Pursuant to this prudent resolution—on the 29th of June in the present year—after having performed the part of *Lady Macbeth* in the style of her very best days, and amid re-iterated peals of the loudest applause—she took her leave of the public in a neat poetic address, penned by her nephew, Horace Twiss, esq. and already presented to our fair readers in our Magazine for July.

On this interesting and memorable occasion, the audience paid her a compliment unprecedented in the annals of the drama.—At that stage of the action where Lady Macbeth appears for the last time—as soon as this favorite actress had finished her part, they stopped the play, and would hear no more. Even after she had pronounced her valedictory address, and finally retired, they still persevered in that disposition: for, on Mr. Kemble's coming forward, and requesting to know whether they would then consent to hear the remainder of the piece, a universal cry resounded from every quarter of the house, that they *could* hear no more!

By her theatric exertions, Mrs. Siddons has most deservedly acquired a very handsome fortune, on which she now lives in honorable ease and independence, enjoying the esteem and friendship of many highly respectable families, among whom she may proudly reckon nobles of distinguished rank, in whose hospitable mansions she has at different times been entertained for weeks together—a welcome guest, and on a footing of familiar intimacy—admired and beloved during her stay, and regretted at her departure.

MEDLEY
of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Recipe for a delicious Perfume.—Take the petals of such flowers as you wish to preserve the scent of:—card thin layers of cotton, and dip them into the finest Florence or Lucca oil:—sprinkle a little salt on the flowers: and put a layer of them, and a layer of the cotton, alternately, till you have filled an earthen jar, or wide-mouthed glass bottle. Tie it close with bladder: lay it in a south aspect, exposed to the full rays of the sun: and, when uncovered at the end of a fortnight, a fragrant oil may be squeezed from the mass, little inferior (if that flower be used) to the true ottar of roses.

Widow Burning.—A letter from Madras gives the following description of a melancholy spectacle lately witnessed

there—"A young Gentoo widow, about 21 years of age, came with the *cutwall* (or constable) to the commanding officer, asking permission to burn herself with her deceased husband: he used every argument to dissuade her from it, but in vain; her family, even her own mother, abused her for hesitating, by going to the commanding officer. They were very poor, and did not provide sufficient wood and oil: and, horrid to relate! the poor creature was heard repeatedly to cry out, 'More fire! more fire!' and shriek with agony, until the noise of the instruments drowned her cries!"

Chinese Women.—The Chinese girls are always shut up, and employed in sewing and embroidery: they are never seen in public, and are only known to be in the house by an earthen vase, as long as a common flower-pot, placed on the roof, and which is broken on the day of their marriage, to signify that those who were there are no longer to be disposed of. The marriages are made between the parents, without the couple ever holding communication, previous to their union. Once married, the women are equally shut up in the interior of their family, being only permitted to see their relations: the poorer sort alone let them work and serve in their shops; but they are closely watched there. Notwithstanding the life of severity and slavery which the Chinese women lead, they are remarkable for their domestic virtues.

Anecdote of Bonaparté.—In a conversation which Bonaparté had with the King of Saxony, at Dresden, just before the former joined his army, the king ventured to express an opinion that the Russian campaign would cost the French a great many men. The Emperor replied, that he knew it, but added, that he could afford to *expend* (*dépenser*) 25,000 men per month!

French Stratagem.—The following stratagem is said to have been played off by Bonaparté, preparatory to his quitting Moscow. He caused it to be made public, that, as salt was scarce in the country around, the peasantry might come to Moscow, and be there provided with as much as they required, for preserving their meat through the winter, at a cheap rate. This artful proposal tempted some peasants in the immediate vicinity of the city; and, in a few days afterwards, upwards of 700 carts were assembled at Moscow, for the purpose of carrying away salt. The consequence was, that drivers, horses, and carts, were all put in requisition for the service of the army and employed in removing stores and baggage.

Naval Superstition.—Capt. Stewart, who was cut off in the very bloom of his professional talents, when cruising off the Italian coast, had passed several days without seeing a ship. He learned that the men ascribed this unfortunate circumstance to the Captain's having taken a black cat on board. He immediately called the men aft, and asked them if it really was so; and, being answered in the affirmative, "Overboard with the black cat!" said he.—"That," exclaimed an old seaman, "is worse still: she must be landed"—"Then lower away the jolly boat," said the Captain; which having been done, the cat was landed with much formality. The sailors were, doubtless, confirmed in their folly, by the circumstance of their capturing, on that same night, the best prize which they had taken in the Mediterranean.

Exploit of a Newfoundland Dog.—The well-known attachment of the Newfoundland dog to the human race in cases of drowning was lately displayed alongside the Fantome sloop of war, in Hamoaze, in a most singular manner. Eleven sailors, a woman, and a waterman, had reached the sloop in a shore boat; when, in consequence of one of the sailors stooping rather violently over the side of the boat to reach his hat, which had fallen into the sea, the boat upset, and all in it were plunged into the water. A Newfoundland dog, on the quarter-deck of the Fantome, surveying the accident, instantly leaped among the unfortunate persons, and seising one man by the collar of his coat, he supported his head above water until a boat hastened to the spot, and saved all but the waterman.—After delivering his burden in safety, the animal then made a wide circuit round the ship, in search of another; but finding nothing except an oar, he took possession of it, and was deservedly welcomed on board with the acclamations of the admiring crew.

The Scriptures.—At the missionary stations in India, the Scriptures are printing in almost all the dialects of that continent; at Canton, Mr. Morrison has printed the Acts of the Apostles in Chinese, which is to be followed by the Book of Genesis, &c.; and numerous copies of the Scriptures have lately been sent from this country to Sicily, Tunis, Smyrna, Constantinople, and the Greek Islands.

POETRY.

To a Robin Redbreast, *on hearing him sing in December.*

By Mr. Webb,
Author of "Haverhill," &c.

Why, simple Robin, chant thy lay
When storm-clouds veil the eye of day,
And each fair trait is torn away
  From nature's form?
Why brave the blust'ring winter's ire,
When no bright prospects can inspire?
Why not to some lone shed retire,
  And shun the storm!

No whisp'ring breeze can fragrance bring:
The Zephyr, that, with silken wing,
Stole incense from the flow'rs of spring,
  Is swept away.
No songs, save thine, the ear delight:
No Philomela charms dull night;
Nor lark begins her tuneful flight,
  Ere dawn of day.

And yet, though mute the minstrel throng,
Fond bird! I love to hear thy song:
It cheers me, as I stroll along
  The dreary plains:
Or, if a rustic seat I find,
That's shelter'd from the churlish wind,
I sit, and, with a placid mind,
  Enjoy thy strains.

Familiar bird! I love to see
Such confidence repos'd in me:
Thy mien, so innocently free,
  Displays a charm.
Oh! when old Janus shall display
His icy beard, and white array,
Then seek my cottage wall'd with clay;
  And fear no harm!

With sloe-black eyes and aspect bland,
My Zephyretta there will stand,
And strew with charitable hand
  The crumby meal;
And ev'ry rosy-visag'd boy
Will hail thee to the scene with joy,
And scorn thy safety to annoy,
  But seek thy weal.

Sweet songster! were this heart of mine
As pure, as innocent, as thine,
I'd cheerful live, and not repine
  At fate's decree.
Then, though misfortune's clouds might lour,
And gloom with grief life's wintry hour,
The Muse should wake each tuneful pow'r,
  And sing, like thee.

Invocations, *serious and comic.*

By Mr. J. M. Lacey,
Author of "The Farm-House," &c.

*** *To be continued in our future Numbers.*

The ruined Female's Invocation *to* Death.

Thee I invoke, pale pow'r! whom others dread.
  Thee I would win, all ghastly as thou art!
Gladly would mingle with the clay-cold dead;
  Nor breathe one murm'ring sigh, with life to part.

Oft has my pray'r implor'd thy peaceful doom:
  Oft has my midnight moan been giv'n to thee:—
Still I'm denied the solace of the tomb,
  Though life has no one charm, to comfort me.

Ruin'd by man! and left to abject scorn!
  Shunn'd by each being whom I once call'd friend!
What can I do, but mourn that I was born,
  And long, with sad impatience, for my end?

Death! to the gen'ral world an awful name!
  Oh! spare some widow to her children's pray'rs,
Whose tender tears soft mercy's aid should claim,
  Whose infant hours must need a mother's cares:

Or save some child, to bless its parent's age;
  Or give some wife or husband back to bliss;
And wreak on me thy first, thy surest rage;
  For death must be delight, to life like this!

My infant hours in rosy peace were clad;
  And halcyon days in youth were still my own;
Nor did I dream that e'er a grief, so sad
  As mine is now, could raise Affliction's moan.

And, had not love, in treach'rous garb array'd,
  Stole on my heart, and wrung it to the core,
Joy might have found me still a happy maid:—
  But joy is vanish'd—to return no more!

Oh! gentle maidens! may you never know
  The bitter sting seduction leaves behind!
Oh! may you never lose bright honor's glow,
  Never be doom'd my sad reverse to find!

Come then, destroyer! snatch me from
despair, [proachful jeer,
From Scorn's rude finger, and re-
From maniac mis'ry, anguish-giving care,
From hopeless horror, and from phren-
sied fear.

Come! and my latest breath shall bless
thy pow'r: [crave:
'Tis all my sinking soul has now to
It looks with anxious hope to life's last
hour; [grave!
For peace can only bless me in the

SONNET, *by* MISS SQUIRE,
addressed to a Friend, who had asked her to relate the Events of her Life.

AH! cease, dear maid! nor urge thy ill-
starr'd friend
To thee her tale of sorrow to disclose.
Alas! that tale thy gentle heart would
rend; [woes,
For well I know, that heart, for others'
Breathes the soft sigh, and sends the
pearly tear [where love
To dim the radiance of those eyes,
And soft compassion, to th' unhappy
dear, [move
And witching modesty, combine to
And win the yielding soul.—Then ask
me not— [maid, to tell
Ask not thy hapless friend, sweet
The varied woes, that mark her luckless
lot— [dwell;
The cureless griefs, that in this bosom
Where hope no longer lends one cheering
ray, [day!
To gild the gloom of sorrow's live-long

The modern ORPHEUS.
Addressed to a Neighbour, who performed most wretchedly on the Violin.

'TIS said, that Orpheus, careless of his
life, [wife—
To Pluto's realms once ventur'd for a
Unlike some modern husbands, who
would run [to shun.
To the grim king (I ween) their wives
Now, this same Orpheus (as old poets
say) [could play,
On lyre so sweet, such witching strains
That brutes, enchanted and subdu'd by
sound, [wond'ring ground,
Their fierceness lost, while, from the
The trees skipp'd forth; and stately
mountains stalk'd, [strel walk'd.
(A curious group!) where'er the min-
Strange stories, these! But I—who, ev'ry
day,
Delighted, hear another Orpheus play—
Expect, each hour, some music-loving
tree
Will quit its earthy bounds, and trip
to thee.
Rocks luckily we've none; for much I
fear, [so near,
Their aukward capers, should they come
Would in a moment make such sad con-
fusion, [trusion,
That all, indignant at the strange in-
Would wish, *sans doute*, the rocks, the
trees, and thee,
Where Orpheus went to seek Eurydice.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

OPPORTUNITY.
By MARINA.

DICK often was heard of his virtue to
boast; [his song;
And honesty still was the theme of
But Dick ne'er reflected, how truly 'tis
said, [not go wrong.
That we all can go right, where we can-

His master was wealthy, as Richard well
knew: [his way,
But temptation had never yet lain in
Till, one luckless morning, Avaro's strong
box [lay!
Stood open, where guineas invitingly

Dick swore he was honest:—he swore it
again: [prize o'er;
Yet still his eyes wander'd the golden
Till, seising the treasure, "By Plutus!"
said he, [fore!"
"I never saw money so tempting be-

Pursu'd and o'ertaken—next, tried and
condemn'd— [teously cried—
When in sight of the gallows, Dick pi-
"Take warning, good folk! nor confide
in your strength! [tried!"
For I too was honest, until I was

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES *proposed in our Magazine for October.*
By J. M. LACEY.
ELIZA *and* EDWARD.

ELIZA was as fair a maid,
As ever gave to sun or shade
The sweet effulgence of her *beauty*;
And Edward was as fond a youth,
As ever lov'd with ardent truth,
Or vow'd to woman all his *duty*.

He saw Eliza's matchless face,
Her faultless form, her witching grace,
Her locks of auburn loosely *flowing*:—
He saw: he lov'd;—and, soon grown bold,
Affection's tale to her he told,
In accents artless, wild, and *glowing*.

Eliza heard:—but caution long
Resisted the fond lover's song, [*tender*;
Though sweet was ev'ry tone, and

Till time, with truth's assisting pow'r,
Brought round the bright and halcyon hour,
That saw Eliza's heart *surrender.*

Then Edward's pleasure knew no bound:
Escap'd from fear's heart-harrowing round, [ing.
And all sad sorrow's thoughts so *chill-*
No longer doom'd in doubt to roam,
His heart had found its dearest home—
Eliza's breast, now warm and *willing.*

"Oh! give," he cried, "to war's fierce son,
'Midst deeds of death his race to run:
Be his the path that leads to *glory:*
Be mine the softer hours of peace,
Where ev'ry harsher sound may cease,
And love and beauty fill each *story.*"

For Edward long the pangs had known,
That love, unanswer'd, feels alone:
But now his ev'ry pang was *over.*
Joy, purest joy, fill'd all his soul:
He yielded to its sweet control,
And vow'd he ne'er would prove a *rover.*

Soon Hymen saw the happy pair
At his bright altar, seeking there
Affection's best reward and *blessing.*
And now, in his soft fetters bound,
With joy they tread life's pleasing round,
Each day their mutual bliss *confessing.*

Long may they live, and happy too!
For hearts like theirs, so fond, so few,
No earthly pow'r should dare to *sever:*
And, when they feel weak nature's doom,
Together let them seek the tomb,
And rise again, to love for *ever!*

New Bouts-rimés *proposed.*

Look, book; Fate, state; Road, abode; Low, know; Save, brave; Escape, shape; Worn, borne; Claim, name.

ENIGMA.

When Sin her hateful reign began,
And guilty Eve had curs'd the earth—
Betok'ning shame for fallen man,
In Paradise I sprang to birth:

And ever since I've lov'd to flow,
When hopes elate, or woes destroy;
With guileless alternation glow,
A symbol, or of grief, or joy;

For still I tremble on the cheek,
Where Beauty all her heav'n discloses,
And Sorrow's melting form bespeak,
Like dew-drops on the budding roses!

Yet, when that cheek is flush'd with pleasure,
I too partake the radiant gleam;
Like April show'rs, in softest measure,
Which glitter in the golden beam.

And, when eternity commences,
I shall out-live earth's crumbling tomb,
Shall bleed o'er unforgiv'n offences,
Or sparkle 'mid th' empyreal bloom.

The Tear.

A Solution of the preceding Enigma.

When lost Eve to the gates of the garden drew near, [to review—
She turn'd once again, her lov'd home
That home, once the dwelling of peace: and a *Tear* [adieu.
To Eden's sweet shades bade eternal
The *Tear*, which our mother in Paradise shed, [to flow.
When to exile she pass'd, never ceases
That tear yet will burst from its watery bed,
The token of joy, or the token of woe.

To allure with its graces if beauty should seek; [beguile;
If woman, dear woman, would fondly
Say, is there a charm that can glow on her cheek, [in a smile?
Like the gem of a *Tear*, when array'd
Thrice sweet is the *Tear* of affection and love; [giv'n,
Still sweeter the *Tear* by kind charity
Yes! a *Tear*, such as this, shall be treasur'd above, [of Heav'n.
And live in the lasting remembrance

Another Solution.

Silent, yet most expressive sign
Of sorrow, pity, love, or fear—
No language can compare with thine—
The soul's mute eloquence—a Tear!

Skating *moralised.*

Induc'd by winter's frost, the skater tries
The thin transparent surface it supplies.
His timid course the hand of caution guides: [glides.
He mocks the gulf below, and lightly
Thus pleasure's surface, tempting, smooth, and bright, [sight.
A deep abyss conceals from human
O mortals! glide but lightly! press not much!
Pleasure, like ice, admits but of a touch.

Avis *aux Amans.*

Si l'objet, dont on est épris,
Nous rend amour pour amour même,
On est heureux; et qu', à ce prix,
L'on fait bien, alors que l'on aime!
Mais, si l'objet de notre ardeur
Ne montre que rigueur extrême,
Et se rit de notre malheur,
Ah! qu'on est sot, alors qu'on aime!

*** *A poetic Translation or Imitation by any of our Readers will be esteemed a favor.*

CONTENTMENT.

(From "Miscellaneous Poems," by George Daniel.)

CONTENTMENT sweet! be thou my song!
To thee all earthly joys belong;
And man (whom many cares molest)
When blest with thee, is truly blest.
Let not my humble Muse despise
To seek where true contentment lies.
Oh! let her (train'd in rustic lore)
The peasant's lowly cot explore:
In sweet content and peace he lives—
What blessings bounteous nature gives!
He looks around, nor wishes fate
To add one blessing to his state.
His halcyon soul is ne'er distress'd
With fears that guilty minds molest:
In harmless joys his life is spent,
With ruddy health and sweet content.
Then, O Contentment! loveliest maid!
May sorrows ne'er my life invade!
Oh! may my heart (from follies free)
Be fill'd with gratitude and thee;
For, where thou reign'st, we're sure to find
A happy conscience, peace of mind:
From thee the purest pleasures flow,
Thou source of happiness below.
May heav'n, indulgent, thus decree—
Where'er I live, to live with thee!
Be thou my wealth, my only store:—
I'll close my wish, and seek no more.

On Public DEVOTION.

(From "Sacred Meditations, &c. by a Layman.")

I LOVE the consecrated walls,
Where humbled man in duty falls;
And, shrinking to himself, implores
The Pow'r whom reas'ning life adores.
Then fade the vanities of life:
Then cease mean cares, and envy's strife:
Then nature from the proudest claims
The meekness of religious aims.
What anodyne can sooth the mind,
Which sorrows pierce, or passions bind?
What can such steady joy impart,
As the devotion of the heart?
Dissolv'd in charity, we pray
For mercy, which we must display.
The pomp of vanity disdain'd,
We bend with lowliness unfeign'd.
Sure 'tis the heart's most needful school:—
There piety begins to rule;
And ev'ry virtue which embow'rs
The walk of men with deathless flow'rs.
Then may we feel the sacred fire,
And taste the blessings they inspire,
Who to the heav'nly altars throng,
And give to God their Sabbath song.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Morning Walking Dress.—An olive or deep fawn-colored cloth pelisse, made high round the neck, bound with Angola trimming fur at the sleeves and feet, with a broad band going up the middle, and passing round the collar. A full lace ruff round the neck—a round robe of white cambric muslin. A traveller's hat of the color of the pelisse, with an ostrich feather on one side—the hair divided in full curls. Tippet and muff of silver bear. Ankle boots. Gloves of lemon-color or buff kid.

Evening Dress.—A robe of fawn, lemon, or pale puce-colored Georgian cloth, made high in the front, with full sleeves, bound round the bosom, sleeves and feet, with Angola trimming fur; the waist ornamented with waved stripes of the same fur; the braces of silver ribbon; the sleeves ornamented with a serpentine row of pearls, falling from the back of the shoulder to the front of the arm. A cap of the same cloth, composed of a small crown, and sides with let-in thread lace in the middle, bound round the front and across the top with a string of beads. The hair, a short crop, loosely hanging in full curls on both sides. Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes. Gloves of white kid. Fan of silvered crape or ivory. Necklace of pearls; ear rings to correspond. A long occasional silk scarf of deep puce or crimson.

Evening dresses are generally full robes of Georgian cloth, or with the bodice of satin:—the crape petticoat with colored satin bodice is much worn. The head-dresses are small caps of crape or thread lace, or cloth the color of the dress, ornamented on the top and sides with a row of beads; in front with a small wreath of flowers or silver frost.—The carriage costume is the cambric muslin robe, made high, with stomacher front. The Spanish and Russian mantles—the pelisse of fawn, olive, or scarlet cloth—are the principal dresses in request. The helmet cap and traveller's hat are the general appendages to this order.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[*November* 26] A late French paper states, that, at the meeting of the Sicilian parliament, a mine, or incendiary machine, was exploded in the place of assembly, but without doing mischief.

[26] A letter from Palermo says, that a letter has been intercepted, written by "a great personage" there, to Bonaparté, and suggesting to him a plan for the invasion of the island.

[27] Advices from the W. Indies, to the end of September, state that the British islands there were much distressed for provisions, in consequence of the war with America.

[28] *Invasion of Canada.*—An American force having attempted a second invasion of Upper Canada, was totally defeated, on the 13th of October, at Queenstown, between Niagara and Fort Erie—with considerable loss in killed and wounded—besides nine hundred men, who, with their general, surrendered themselves prisoners on the field of battle.

[28] Bonaparté, to spare the French troops in his Russian campaign, has kept the Germans constantly exposed in the front of the battle—particularly the Bavarians, insomuch that almost every Bavarian family of rank is in mourning.

[28] *Gold* from England, chiefly guineas, has, within the last few months, been received at *one* French port, to the amount of 15,000,000 of livres, or £625,000 sterling.

[*Decemb.* 4] King Joseph quitted Madrid on the 4th of November; and the French troops evacuated the city on the 7th.

[5] The French army, in their retreat from Moscow, have been seriously annoyed by the Russians. On the 20th October, Gen. Kutusoff attacked their grand army at Maloyaroskavitz, which town was taken and retaken eight different times in the course of the day. At length the French were compelled to retreat.—After this, Bonaparté quitted the army, and took the road to Smolensk, leaving orders for his whole force to follow in the same road.—General Kutusoff pursued them; and, on the 1st Novemb. the Russian advanced guard, under Platoff, overtook them not far from Borodino, and gained a considerable advantage over them.—On the 3d, also, several French corps were attacked near Viasma and defeated.—In all these actions, and in others of inferior moment, the French suffered considerable losses of men and guns: and, in addition to the casualties of battle, the badness of the roads, and the severity of the weather, have destroyed numbers of their horses; the French bulletin acknowledging, that, from the 6th to the 11th of November, 3000 were lost through the latter cause alone.

[7] On the entrance of the French into Madrid, they imprisoned 320 persons, as disaffected to the French interest; and twelve of these individuals were shot on the 3d of November.

[8] On the 9th Novemb. the French grand army, under the Viceroy of Italy (Beauharnois) was defeated by the Russians at Dorogobuiz, with the loss of 3700 prisoners, and 63 pieces of cannon.—In another quarter, Count Wittgenstein defeated Marshal Victor.—Other advantages have also been gained by the Russians, who, in an official bulletin, are stated to have in their hands 60,000 French prisoners, although the Cossacks rarely grant them quarter.

[9] The condition of the retreating French grand army is represented as calamitous beyond example or expression—the roads covered with ammunition-chests, baggage, broken gun-carriages, waggons—countless carcases of men and horses, that perished through want and the severity of the climate—many of the dead horses cut up as food for the surviving fugitives—themselves destitute of shoes, boots, and clothing—the cavalry dismounted—and their horses led between the lines of the infantry, to be slaughtered, during the flight, as provision for the troops.

[10] *Buenos Ayres, Sept.* 12.—The war with Monte Video continues, without any prospect of accommodation between the contending parties.—The Spanish ship, Salvador, was lately wrecked near Maldonado, with 850 souls on board, of whom 720 perished.

[10] *The yellow Fever* had, by the 20th of November, entirely ceased at Carthagena, where about 800 persons died of it this season: but no one, who had ever had it before, was attacked by it a second time.

[10] A treaty of peace has been con-

cluded, at Stockholm, between Sweden and the Spanish Regency acting in the name of Ferdinand VII.

[11] *Leipzic, Nov.* 14.—Twenty-five thousand conscripts, for the French grand army, have just been ordered out in the department of Warsaw.

[11] Accounts from Gottenburg, of Novemb. 30, state, that a corps of 2000 French, under Gen. Augereau, (brother to Marshal Augereau) surrendered at discretion to Count Orloff Denizoff, and that Gen. Platoff had taken 900 men and 20 pieces of cannon at the passage of the Dnieper.

[12] Private letters, of October 30, from respectable persons in Sicily, state that the queen has been ordered to St. Margarita, a retired situation on the southern side of the island, not affording any facilities of communication with the French in Naples, and that she is prohibited from coming to Palermo.

[13] From the Russian official details, it appears, that, in the retreat from Moscow, the French grand army, which, at the commencement of their flight on the 19th of October, consisted of 85,000 efficient men, had, by the 19th of November, lost nearly one half of that number, with 134 pieces of cannon taken by the Russians, besides what the French themselves have buried or destroyed:—and that the number of cannon taken by the Russians since the 7th of September, is 246 pieces.

[14] *Mushrooms*.—At Bordeaux, a family of seven persons were lately poisoned by eating mushrooms—not gathered wild in the fields, but the produce of their own garden.

[14] *Corunna, December* 1.—The French are retiring toward Valladolid; in consequence of which, Lord Wellington has returned to Salamanca.—There had been some skirmishes with the advanced posts.

[15] *Volcanic Ashes.*—A letter from the Isle of St. Vincent states that the parts which appeared to have suffered most from the volcanic eruption in April, [*See our Mag for July, p.* 328) and were most copiously inundated with cinders and ashes, now display a vegetation of extraordinary force and fecundity.

[16] *American Finances.*—A message from President Madison to the Congress of the United States, at the late opening of their session, says, that "the receipts in the treasury, during the year ending on the 30th of Sept. last, have exceeded 16 millions and a half of dollars; which have been sufficient to defray all the demands on the treasury to that day, including a necessary reimbursement of near three millions of the principal of the public debt. In these receipts is included a sum of near 8,850,000 received on account of the loans authorised by the acts of last session."

[17] *Bonaparté*, with his grand army, surrounded in Smolensko by the Russians, and thus unable to subsist during the winter, has made a desperate effort to cut his way through the surrounding enemy: but

[17] Official intelligence from Russia—besides enumerating various other inferior, though highly important, advantages, obtained over the French in different quarters—mentions two signal victories gained by Gen. Kutusoff.—On the 16th of November, he defeated one division of their grand army under Marshal Davoust, with immense carnage, and the capture of above 9000 prisoners, and 70 pieces of cannon:—and, on the 17th, he defeated another division under Marshal Ney, with prodigious slaughter, and compelled the whole of the survivors—12,000 in number, surrounded on all sides, and hopeless of escape—to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners, with 27 pieces of cannon, &c. &c.—On the former of these occasions, Bonaparté in person was at first a witness of the conflict; but, at an early period of the action, he deserted his army, and fled from the field at full speed: on the latter, Marshal Ney was wounded, but escaped by flight.—The loss of the Russians, in these two battles, was, comparatively, trifling.

[17] On quitting Smolensko, the French wantonly blew up the cathedral.

[19] A gentleman, who left Hamburg fourteen days ago, states, that the dreadful situation of Bonaparté's army in Russia was known there; but the police was so severe, that several persons, who only dared to hint at it, were arrested by the *gendarmes*. He asserts that the north of Germany is ripe for a general insurrection against the French.

[19] By a late act of the Sicilian government, the whole and sole disposal of the Sicilian army has been vested in Lord W. Bentinck. In consequence of this measure, numbers of the native officers have resigned their commissions: and several of them, deserting their country, have gone over to Naples, to enrol themselves under the banners of Murat.

[20] The following has been given, as a list of the troops that Bonaparté took with him into Russia.—Poles, 60,000—Saxons, 20,000—Austrians, 20,000—Bavarians, 30,000—Prussians, 22,000—Westphalians, 20,000—Wurtembergers, 8,000—Badeners, 8,000—Darmstadters, 4,000—From Gotha and Weimar, 2,000—Wurtzburg and Franconia, 5,000—Mecklenburg, Nassau, and petty princes, 5,000—Italians and Neapolitans, 20,000—Spaniards and Portuguese, 4,000—Swiss, 10,000—French, 250,000—Total, *four hundred and ninety-eight thousand* men, including *sixty thousand* cavalry—besides *forty thousand* horses for the artillery, consisting of *twelve hundred* pieces of cannon.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.—The Monthly Bulletin, of December 5, says, "Since the last monthly report, His Majesty has remained free from any considerable degree of excitement."—To the present date (*December* 23) nothing further has transpired.

Price of Bread.——Quartern wheaten loaf, *December* 3, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*December* 10, and 17, the same—*December* 24, eighteen pence, three farthings.

[*November* 23] *Voracity*.—A female servant of a farmer at Friskney, for a trifling wager with her mistress, lately devoured, at one meal, a roast goose, weighing five pounds, with a proportionate quantity of potatoes.

[24] Yesterday, W. Fleet, printer of the "Brighton Herald," was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £100, for a libel on the daughter of Lord C. H. Somerset.

[25] *Frame-breakers*.—The Luddites have re-appeared at Nottingham; six armed men having there broken and carried off a lace-frame, on the 21st instant.

[25] On Friday, at Charing-cross, a farmer was defrauded by a sharper picking up in his presence a parcel containing a pretended diamond cross, with a bill and receipt for £130—and selling him the bauble for £59—all the money he had about him.

[26] Yesterday, in the Court of K. B. two persons were sentenced, each to six months' imprisonment, for buying guineas at more than the legal value.

[26] *Ibid*. Lieut. Rennell, of the E. Gloster Local Militia, for having challenged Surgeon Crang, of Bristol, and posted him as a coward, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and to give security for keeping the peace for three years.

[26] *Ibid*. Surgeon Harnbrook, of Tavistock—heretofore found guilty of a libel, in writing a letter to Mr. Carpenter, a magistrate of Devonshire, stigmatising his conduct, in the exercise of his duty, as "unkind, illiberal, and ungentlemanly"—was sentenced to be committed, for six weeks, to the custody of the marshal of the court.

[26] *Suicides*.—Two female servants of the Rev. Mr. Gibbons, at Brestead in Kent, having lately, through unintentional mismanagement, damaged some of his property in his absence, tied themselves together, and drowned themselves in a pond near his house.

[27] Lord Erskine has planted above a million of trees on his estate in Sussex.

[27] The "Morning Chronicle" of this day has the following paragraph—"It is an undoubted fact, that, from the crop of a partridge, found dead during wheat-setting, 16 score grains were taken. Now, presuming this to have been the consumption of 24 hours in the seed-time, we wish the American boy would calculate what the game-laws cost the nation."—[*Respecting the American boy, see our Magazine for last June, p.* 288—and *page* 427 *of the preceding volume*.]

[28] *Inflammatory Handbill*.—A person in clerical dress has, for several days past, been riding in a carriage about the streets of London, and copiously distributing a long printed hand-bill, calculated to inflame the public mind against the Roman Catholics, and to excite (as in the days of *Lord George Gordon*) a popular outcry against their emancipation.—It begins thus, "*An Alarm.—The Lions are about to be let loose!*"—and is signed, "*Frederick Herbert Maberly, M. A. a Clergyman of the Church of England. Kingston, near Caxton, Cambridgeshire.*"

[30] *Army Bread*.—Each soldier is to receive, as his allowance for four days, a loaf of six pounds, for five pence.

[30] On Tuesday, a young man went into a public house in the City road, and shot himself in presence of several persons, before they could interfere to prevent him.

[*December* 1] Yesterday, the Prince Regent went in grand procession to the House of Peers, to open the session of Parliament. He was arrayed in the robes of royalty, but wore a cocked hat; the regal crown, with his own princely coronet, being carried before him.—On his way to the House, the state carriage experienced an accident: one of the wheels striking against a post, the coachman was thrown from the box, and fell between the wheel horses, but without suffering any further injury than a cut in the lip.—The sway-bar of the carriage, however, was broken by the shock; and the procession was for some time delayed, until the damage could be repaired.—The prince took his seat on the throne a little before two o'clock, and, in about twenty minutes, retired, after having delivered his speech.—The Princess Charlotte of Wales was present, and seated on the woolsack, beside the Lord Chancellor.

[3] *Incendiaries* ——Friday se'nnight, some unknown incendiaries destroyed a quantity of hay and corn, the property of Mr. Stacpoole, of Edenvale, whose loss is estimated at 1000 guineas.

[3] Sunday afternoon, the congregation in Falmouth church being alarmed by the fall of some plaster from the wall, and hastily rushing out, many persons were trodden down: four have since died of the bruises received; and several others are in a dangerous state.

[4] A letter from Hull says, "All the low lands in Lincolnshire, as well as on our side of the river, have been flooded.

[4] *Clerical Magistrates.*—The Duke of Norfolk, lord lieutenant of Sussex, has (after the example of his immediate predecessor, the late Duke of Richmond) uniformly refused to appoint any clergyman to act as magistrate for that county.

[5] *Church Lands.*—By inclosures and other causes, the value of the church lands in Somersetshire has of late been considerably enhanced, so that the deanery of Wells is now above £2,000 a year.

[5] Great distress prevails in Scotland, on account of the badness of the harvest: the manufactories are almost at a stand; and, from these causes, serious disturbances have taken place at Aberdeen, where, on the 20th November, the populace attempted (though unsuccessfully) to break into the *Bridewell*, for the purpose of seising the militia arms deposited there.

[5] *Swindler.*—Yesterday, at the Middlesex sessions, Michael Barry—the impostor who defrauded the Earl of Besborough by the trick mentioned in our Mag. for July, page 339—was, for that offence, sentenced to be transported for seven years.

[7] *Cheap Bread.*——On Saturday, at Bow-street, G. Rolfe, a cheap baker, of Blackmoor-street, Clare-market, was fined 2*s*. 6*d*. per ounce, for 104 ounces, deficient in 20 loaves, furnished, at the full price, to the workhouse of St. Clement Danes.

[7] *Self-Execution* ——On Friday, G. Whitney, innkeeper at Hounslow, seeing a party of police-officers come to apprehend him as a receiver of stolen property, cut his throat, and instantly expired.

[8] *Fraudulent Taxation.*—On Friday, in the C. of Exchequer, two tax-collectors, of Rayleigh in Essex, named Carter and Brown—being found guilty of levying greater sums than were legally due for the taxes—were subjected to a penalty of £500, besides the restitution of the sums fraudulently levied.

[8] *Landlord's Property-Tax.*—On the same day, Mrs. Mordaunt, of South-End, was subjected to a penalty of £50, for refusing to allow a person renting a house from her to deduct from his rent her property-tax for that house.

[8] A female, possessed of £150,000, is now confined in Durham jail, for a theft not amounting to eighteen pence.

[8] *Lord Wellington.*—Last night, the H. of Commons voted £100,000, for the purchase of lands for the Marquis of Wellington, to descend with the title.

[9] *Pitiful Fraud.*—A poor woman, selling fruit near the Sans-pareil Theatre, was lately cheated of a few shillings (her *all*) by a fellow who represented himself as agent to a charitable institution, and gave her, as bank-notes, two *flash* penny notes.

[10] *Libel.*—Yesterday, in the C. of King's Bench, John and Leigh Hunt were found *guilty* of a libel on the Prince Regent, published in their newspaper, "*The Examiner*," of March 22.

[11] A man has been brought from Stromness to London, who accuses himself of a participation in the murders in Ratcliff Highway. [*See our Volume for* 1811, *pages* 582 *and* 583.] But his story is so inconsistent with known facts, and

with itself, as to convince the magistrates, and an eminent medical practician from St. Luke's Hospital, that he is insane, and that his tale is only the offspring of a distempered imagination.

[12] The Russian squadron, of fifteen sail of the line, and seven frigates, &c. is arrived at the Nore.

[14] *Blanket-Society.*—A charitable society at Norwich has lately distributed to the poor upwards of two thousand blankets.

[14] *Children burned.*—Two children at Poplar, and two at Edmonton, were lately burned to death in their parents' absence.

[14] *Monsters!*—Wednesday evening, two well-dressed ruffians, after having insulted a number of other females in the streets, attacked a young woman near Leicester square; and one of them gave her so severe a blow on the breast, that she fell with the back of her head against the pavement, with such violence as to cause the blood to gush from her mouth and ears.

[14] *Toad.*—In a quarry at Byker Hill, some workmen lately, on splitting a block of freestone, of about three tons weight, found a live toad in the centre of it.

[14] A considerable part of the library of M. Talleyrand is come from France to London, for sale.

[15] *Infanticide.*—The bodies of two new-born infants, bearing evident marks of violence, were lately found under a hedge near Stoke's Croft turnpike, Bristol, together with the head and bones of a third, which had apparently been devoured by birds of prey seen near the spot.

[16] *Sugar.*—In consequence of experiments tried by Mr. Waters, of the Smithfield Cattle Club, of *feeding horses and oxen with sugar*, His R. H. the Commander in chief has ordered a considerable number of cavalry horses to be partly fed on sugar, or melasses, under Mr. W.'s inspection; and a hope is held out, that, if the experiment prove satisfactory, the practice may become general.—It is said, moreover, that a patent has lately been taken out, for the employment of sugar, as an ingredient in *making gunpowder*.

[17] On Tuesday, the Princess Charlotte of Wales dined with the Princess of Wales.

[17] An advertisement, in the Morning Chronicle of this date, announces, for exhibition, a child, only eight years old, who performs long and difficult arithmetical operations by the aid of memory alone.

[17] *Audacious Robbery.*—On Wednesday, was committed, from Marlborough-street office, one Benjafield, who had entered a shop in Swallow-street, and openly run off with about forty pair of silk stockings.

[18] Yesterday, at the Admiralty sessions, the Marquis of Sligo was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and a fine of five thousand pounds, for having enticed seamen to desert from the navy, and harboured them in a private vessel of his own.

[18] *Ibid.* T. Younghusband—a native of this realm, but twenty-one years domiciliated at Ostend, and compelled to serve as surgeon on board a French privateer—received sentence of death for "aiding and comforting the king's enemies," but was recommended to mercy.

[18] The consignments to this country from France have of late been much more than usual. Those supposed to be for the account of the Prince of Benevento (M. Talleyrand) are stated by report to be very great indeed; amounting to above £200,000 sterling! Of course, not only the books, but pictures, with other curiosities, and diamonds and plate, are among the property so consigned.

[18] *Bible-Society.*—Yesterday, a meeting of the inhabitants of the city of Westminster was held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, for the purpose of forming a society, to be called the Westminster Auxiliary British and Foreign Bible Society, under the patronage of the Dukes of York, Kent, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and Bedford, and a number of persons of distinction.—The Duke of York has subscribed £150; the Duke of Bedford, and the Marquis of Buckingham, £50 each.—The meeting, which was very numerous, was attended by a great concourse of ladies.

[19] *Relief to Russia.*—Last night, in consequence of a message from the Regent, the House of Commons voted £200,000, "for the relief of such parts of the empire of Russia, as have suffered from the invasion of that country."

[19] *Preservation of Meat.*—A few days since, at the Jerusalem and the Jamaica coffee-houses, several canisters of perfectly fresh meats, preserved without the aid of salt, or any extraneous substance whatever, were opened before a numerous body of most respectable merchants

and sea captains. The provisions had been confined in the canisters for different periods; some since the beginning of last August, and one since May, the latter being a period of seven months. They were all found in the highest state of preservation, with all their native juices and nutritious qualities. They were tasted by almost every person present, amidst a universal feeling of satisfaction.—These provisions were preserved by a process invented by Messrs. Donkin and Co. of Lombard street.

[19] *Bankruptcies.*—One hundred and twelve meetings of creditors are advertised to be held this day at Guildhall, under different commissions of bankruptcy.

[20] *Stock-jobbing.*—On the arrival of the late intelligence of the Russian victories, the stocks suddenly experienced a considerable rise; in consequence of which, one speculator gained £40,000 in return for 4000 guineas, which he had given, on the contingency of receiving £1000 for every hundred guineas, if stock should rise to a certain rate, previous to the payment in January.

[19] Three hundred sail of British merchant vessels, containing property not less than four millions sterling, (which had been expected to return to England this year) are under a necessity of wintering in different ports of the Baltic, for want (it is said) of a more satisfactory regulation with respect to convoys.

BORN.

[*November* 28] On Saturday, of the lady of John Ellis, esq. James-street, Buckingham Gate, a son.

[25] Saturday, of the lady of Chas. Lambert, esq. Fitzroy-square, a son.

[*December* 5] Saturday, of the Lady of Sir H. C. Montgomery, bart. a daughter.

[6] Monday, of the lady of Mr. Jarvis, New Compton-street, a son.

[8] November 30, in Dublin, of Lady Harriet, wife of the R. H. Col. Foster, a son and heir.

[11] Tuesday, of the lady of Frederic Perkins, esq. Park-street, Southwark, a daughter.

[12] Decemb. 1, of the Lady of Sir L. Maclean, M. D. a daughter.

[12] Decemb. 1, of the lady of Major Mac Lachlan, of the 69th Foot, a daughter.

[15] Yesterday, of the lady of the R. H. Geo. Canning, a son.

[17] December 9, at Edinburgh, of the lady of the Hon. Major-gen. Alexander Duff, a son.

[18] Decemb. 13, of the lady of Henry Barratt, esq. Richmond, a son.

[19] December 17, of the lady of John Norris, esq. Bentinck-street, a son.

MARRIED.

[*November* 20] On Thursday, Lieut.-col. Warre, to Miss Selina Anne Maling.

[23] Saturday, John Hodgson, esq. of Charles-street, St. James's-square, to the widow of the Rev. H. Hodges, of Embleton, Northumberland.

[24] Thursday, Robt. Southby, esq. of Appleton, Berks, to Miss Catharine Dimsdale.

[26] On Tuesday, Thomas Hudson, esq. of Grove-House, Worcestershire, to Anne, daughter of the Rev. J. Tole Rodick.

[27] Tuesday, L. Southgate Austin, esq. of Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, to Miss Hicks, of Eastington.

[28] Lately, the R. H. Geo. Knox, to Miss Harriet Fortescue.

[29] November 26, S. Clement, esq. of Southampton-row, to Miss Diana Lesage, of Kentishtown.

[*December* 4] Monday, the Rev. P. Greene, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, to Miss Elizabeth Freebone.

[5] Monday, at Great Yarmouth, W. Layton, esq. to Miss Marianna Fox.

[5] Thursday, the Rev. T. P. White, of Queen's College, Cambridge, to Miss Channing.

[6] November 26, T. Marshall, esq. of Leadenhall-street, to Miss Ann Chater, of Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

[7] Saturday, Mr. Thomas Hodgkinson, of New Bond-street, to Miss Martin, of Piccadilly.

[9] Lately, Captain H. Percy Davison, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Gen. Welbore Ellis Doyle.

[11] Yesterday, the Rev. W. Wise, vicar of St. Laurence, Reading, to Miss Anne Headlock.

[14] December 3, at Newington, Mr. W. Lyon, to Miss Howe.

[15] Monday, Wm. Kenrick, esq. M.P. to Miss Frances Anne Mascall.

DECEASED.

[*November* 20] On Wednesday, the lady of G. Kilgour, esq. Highbury Grove.

[23] On the 19th, at Camberwell, in his 68th year, Nicholas Wanostrocht, LL.D.

[24] Friday, at Stratford, near Salisbury, Mrs. Susan Ekins.

[25] Monday, the lady of W. Oddy, esq. Mount-Place, Mile-end Road.

[27] Wednesday, Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. H. F. R. Stanhope.

[28] Tuesday, aged 85, the lady of John Yarker, esq. Devonshire-street.

[*Decemb.* 2] Saturday, the Rev. G. W. Lakin, Dean of Wells.

[2] Sunday, at Shacklewell, Mrs. Beliza Oldham.

[3] Tuesday, Mary Anne, relict of the late Dr. Arnold.

[3] Wednesday, Miss S. Kent, of Clapton.

[4] Tuesday, the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Baring, bart.

[4] Novem. 29, at Pentonville, Mrs. Biggs.

[7] Decemb. 2, at Hammersmith, Richard Loveday, esq.

[10] Decem. 8, the lady of Richard Meux, esq. of Bloomsbury-square.

[11] Tuesday, the Rev. J. Cecil Tattersall, of Christ Church, Oxford.

[14] Decem. 3, Benj. Dunn, esq. of West Rainton, Durham.

[14] Saturday, the relict of the late Admiral Milbanke.

[15] Sunday, at Bromley, Thos. Preston, esq.

[16] Monday, Viscount Torrington.

[16] Saturday, John Jones, esq. of Wootley, near Bradford, Wilts.

[16] Monday, Mrs. Elizabeth Napier, Swallow street.

[17] Tuesday, W. Morse, esq. of Drayton-Green, Middlesex.

[17] Octob. 15, W. Wood, esq. British consul at Baltimore.

[17] Yesterday, Wadham Wyndham, esq. Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury.

[18] Monday, Mrs. Curtis, Queen's-row, Walworth.

[18] Wednesday, in Newman-street, aged 68, the Rev. Dr. Gosset, well known in the literary world.

[18] Wednesday, at Islington, Mrs. Hardcastle, aged 81.

[19] Monday, at Testwood, Southampton, the relict of Thos. Hooker, esq.

[19] December 10, at Pucknall, near Romsey, Charles Wade, esq.

[19] Wednesday, John Thackrah, esq. of Tooley-street, Southwark.

[19] Wednesday, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter to the Duke of Marlborough, and wife of his nephew, John Spencer, esq.

[20] Lately, at Rotherham, aged 99, Walter Morgan, who had fought under Gen. Wolfe at the taking of Quebec.

APPENDIX.

Euthanasy.—The following extraordinary circumstance is reported to have taken place on the entrance of the French into Moscow. The archbishop, who was far advanced in years, and whose character was held in the highest veneration, was in the act of performing divine service, when a report reached him, that the enemy had entered the city.—He paused for a moment—crossed himself—and (it is said) immediately expired.

Devotional Carpet.—Mr. Semple, in his "Sketch of the present State of Caraccas," notices a feminine custom, which, to our fair readers, will, no doubt, appear at once both singular and frivolous.—Speaking of the ladies going to mass, he says—"On this occasion, a female slave, frequently more beautiful than her mistress, follows her, carrying a small carpet, on which she may kneel at her devotions. This carpet is a great mark of distinction, and is only allowed in the churches to white women; on which account, perhaps, they are particularly proud of having it thus borne in procession, at a slow space, through the streets. It is in contemplation, however, to abolish the restriction; and, as a beginning, during my stay, special leave was granted, by a public ordinance, to the women of a colored family in a distant town, to make use of these carpets. This innovation, slight as it may appear, excited great dissatisfaction among the higher classes of Caraccas, and a proportionate eagerness and hope of change among the colored families."

Stray River.—From the year 1750, the North Esk, in Kincardineshire, emptied itself into the sea upon the lands of Kirkside and Woodstone. About a twelvemonth ago, however, in consequence of an overflow in the river, and a very high tide, it excavated a new channel on the lands of Comieston, upon which, on an average, one half of its contents continued to run during the last fishing season. A new revolution has now taken place; the river having lately returned to its old channel; by which event, a valuable property is restored to its former proprietors. This river had, several times previous to the first-mentioned date, undergone a similar change from the same causes; and, upon one of those occasions, it gave rise to a long and expensive litigation between the new and old proprietors, which was at last decided in favor of the gentleman on whose grounds the river had begun to flow; all artificial means employed to obstruct or change the course of a river being declared illegal.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

SUPPLEMENT

to Vol. 43, for the Year 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

* 1. The Critical Rencontre.
2. The Shipwrecked Boy.

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Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;
where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

In our present Supplement, we had proposed to introduce a complete ALPHABETIC INDEX *to all the articles of Intelligence, foreign and domestic, contained in the twelve Numbers of this Volume: but, not having it ready in time for immediate publication, we intend to give it with our Number for January, in addition to the usual quantity of paper and print—together with a* CHRONOLOGIC SUMMARY *of the most remarkable Events of the Year* 1812, *completed to a much later date with respect to the transactions of distant places, than we could possibly reach at the moment when we are necessarily obliged to commit our Supplement to the press, before the arrival of the requisite intelligence, either from foreign countries, or even from the remoter parts of our own United Kingdom:—and, in future, we shall, at the close of each volume, give a similar Index, besides the other two Indexes, as usual, followed by a* CHRONOLOGIC SUMMARY *for the year.*

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1812.

The Brothers; *a Moral Tale.*

(Continued from page 546; and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

Chap. 21.

. . . . There is a pow'r,
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world:
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learn'd, when, wand'ring all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself, than thou.

Thomson.

Richmond had not, in the time that elapsed since he quitted the North, been yet able to do any thing toward effecting the great purpose of his leaving it. Lord Dellington, on whom he relied, had his mission unusually prolonged; and, while thus waiting, he had a full opportunity of evincing the steadiness of his promised reformation. The discharge of his servant was the first step towards it. The seductive allurements of play lost their power of attraction: billiards, which were to him a certain resource, he would not even trust himself to look at:—so true is the maxim, that nothing purifies the mind or improves the manners, like an attachment to a virtuous woman. "My Julia shall not be the wife of a gambler," said he: "her happiness shall not be risked on the turn of a die:" and he kept that promise most religiously.

He had set off for London immediately from Woodfield, without returning to Stillerness, or paying the debt he had contracted there. Amid the matters of greater moment which occupied his attention, it certainly did not occur to his mind for a considerable time: and, though, in consideration of the trouble which his illness had occasioned, he then inclosed a note of greater value than the amount of his bill, yet the evil report had gone abroad, while he was universally talked of, that he had absconded privately without discharging it. Afterwards, partly from other topics having arisen, and partly from the circumstance that contradiction never keeps pace with an original tale, the sequel of the business was little known: and, for twenty people who heard that the poor landlord had been a severe loser by this reprobated guest, scarcely one perhaps was told that he had been remunerated beyond his expectations.

In an obscure lodging, and the practice of a rigid economy, poor Richmond endeavoured to eke out his little pittance by translations for the booksellers: and, humble as was his occupation, the self-approbation that ensued, sweetened the task. The abilities he evinced in this new vocation were such, as to procure him a proposal, which, as a temporary support, he preferred to the way he was then in.

An emigrant gentleman was then employed in a literary undertaking, where the assistance of a person equally skilled in the language of both this country and his own was requisite. He also wished for some person who was at the same time an

eligible companion, as his health required a journey to Bath, where he had not any acquaintance. In consequence of his inquiries to this purpose, addressed to an eminent bookseller, for whom Frederic wrote, they were mentioned to each other. It appeared an affair of less drudgery than that of translating for the booksellers; and, as there was no immediate prospect of Lord Dellington's return, Richmond, premising that the engagement could only be an uncertain one on his side, agreed to close with it, if Monsieur Desmaix would receive his assistance on that condition.

His correspondence with Mrs. Egerton was regularly continued: he received her highest approbation of his conduct: yet, from the suspension of her intercourse with his adored Julia, her letters were deficient in that particularity of detail, which would to him have been inestimably precious.

Of his new engagement he never found the least reason to repent. Monsieur Desmaix was perfectly the gentleman, quiet, studious, and obliging—always satisfied with the assistance he received—and no restraint upon his companion.

They went together to Bath; and, soon after their arrival, a new and extraordinary *rencontre* recalled Richmond's thoughts to a period of his life, which had long ceased to occupy them any further than as the vicissitude in his fate affected his present hopes.

One day, as he was walking about half a dozen miles out of the town, on the turnpike road, he perceived the horses of a curricle, driven four in hand, take fright at a brace of partridges suddenly springing up. The gentleman who drove, was at that moment holding the reins carelessly, and standing up, to throw an additional shawl over the lady who sat beside him. He was instantly thrown out by the violence of the jerk which the leading horses made in attempting to turn back; and they were all in the very act of setting off at full speed, had not our pedestrian, at the hazard of his life, by an uncommon exertion of courage and bodily strength, stopped their progress, and thus rescued the affrighted fair one from a very perilous situation. In the first moments of relief, she thought not of her deliverer, but ran to her husband, who was slowly rising from the ground, and, though in evident pain, assured her he did not believe himself materially hurt. But the apprehension he had felt for her, seemed to have overpowered every other idea; and it was not till Frederic approached to see what further service could be rendered, that, on attempting to hold out his hand, he perceived his arm hang uselessly by his side. Richmond, with the promptitude and dexterity of a man accustomed to act in emergencies, lifted it, felt it all over, and was soon convinced that there was no fracture, but only a dislocation of the shoulder.

The gentleman desired his servant to hasten back, and send the coach there for them—

"And a surgeon!" added the lady—"Let one—two—three—as many as you can find—be instantly summoned!"

"My Theodosia! my dearest life!" returned her husband, "nothing can be done here: let us rather get home as soon as possible."

An expressive look of gratitude and love seemed to conquer that of pain in the countenance of the speaker: and poor Richmond mentally said, "My God! how great is the power of feminine affection!

Shall *my* pains, *my* distresses, ever be thus sweetly mitigated?"

The present, however, was not a time for rumination. Several country people were, by this time, collected; and, a very decent-looking man inviting them to his cottage, Frederic offered his arm to support the gentleman thither. During this time, his attention had been so wholly engrossed by the principal sufferer, that he had not yet cast a single look upon the lady, though he entreated her to be calm; and, when they reached the cottage, he desired its owner to get her a glass of water, and requested her companion to go with him into the adjoining room: "for, twice," said he, "I have witnessed similar accidents; and I think I know how to proceed." He then called for a pair of scissors, ripped up the coat-sleeve, gave some slight direction to a young man who followed them in; and, by a sudden stretch and jerk, reinstated the bone in its proper place again.

The surprise, the pleasing sensations of a person so unexpectedly relieved, are not easily to be described: but, while he was attempting to say what he felt, "I must put my thanks into better hands," cried he, looking toward his wife, who then came into the apartment.

Frederic, who was standing by his patient, now noticed her for the first time. He fancied both her face and figure were known to him: but, ere he could determine further, the object of his consideration, on turning toward him to express her gratitude, evinced a more prompt recollection, and exclaimed, "My God! Saint-Villiers! Is it you?"

He was now no longer at a loss: —he beheld Lady Rossford in the most amiable of all lights. Once, the idea of her supposed ill-treatment of him—at the time, so highly irritating, and so deeply resented—would have recurred with galling recollection: but now—in altered circumstances, and a frame of mind that felt no regret at her former misconceived behaviour—he recognised her, without one sentiment of anger—bowed low, and said, he rejoiced to see her well.

She held out her hand, and said, "Mr. Saint-Villiers, I must introduce you to my husband, Mr. Herbert: for, however my astonishment at seeing you, and receiving such assistance, may have overpowered my acknowledgements for the kindness you have shown us, believe me, they are not the less sincerely felt."

"I no longer retain the name you give me, madam," returned Frederic. "The claim to that appellation, and to your acquaintance, ceased at the same period: and, as the only favor you can do me, I entreat your silence upon my former condition."

"By what appellation, then, can I address a gentleman, to whom I owe obligations, to which no words can do justice, and which no power can return?" said Mr. Herbert. Yet, observing the countenance of Richmond cloud over, he added, "I am not, I hope, improperly obtrusive in the inquiry."

Frederic for a moment felt hurt: but, recollecting the folly of giving way to that sensation, he cleared up, and, with a frankness all his own, replied, "I will not fasten upon you an acquaintance, whose varying designations have been such, that, should you ever inquire about his life, you would have to consider, where his abode had been at such a period, and what his appellation. You probably know my early disappointment.—in anger, I abjured a

country and a name, thus connected with defeated hopes. As Monsieur D'Armontel, I spent some time abroad: but, when I quitted a kingdom deluged with blood, and disgraced by anarchy and massacres, I despised an appellation that seemed to brand me as its native; and, wishing to prove myself all the Briton, called myself Richmond, from the place where I drew my first breath; though, from being brought up in Ireland, I had always considered myself as belonging to that island, till the treatment which I experienced there made me regard it with abhorrence."

There was a spirit and candor in this address peculiarly striking: but further conversation was prevented by the arrival of the carriage, which had been got ready with a zeal, which testified the interest that Irish domestics will take in the service of a beloved master; though Dennis, with a little of the thoughtless rapidity of his countrymen, had not brought a surgeon, but, hastily catching at his lady's words, had ordered the servants at the house to collect as many as they could.

Richmond, however, had acted so judiciously in his new capacity, that this oversight was not, as it might otherwise have been, a matter of regret to her ladyship, while she saw him assist her beloved husband with all the care and attention that could have been shown by an experienced practician.

"You will not surely leave us here?" said Mr. Herbert, seeing his new friend about to step out of the carriage, after placing him in it.—Upon this, Richmond immediately seated himself, and, again taking his patient's arm, held it all the way, so as to keep it in a proper position: yet, notwithstanding his care, the pain from the bruises upon the muscles, being increased by the motion of the carriage, grew very severe. Lady Rossford's spirits proportionally lowered; and no further conversation, than merely a few unavoidable common-place sentences, passed during their ride.

(To be continued.)

Modern LIFE *delineated.*

(Continued from page 538.)

As Edward ran down the lawn, he met his uncle returning from the vicar's, and, eagerly clasping his hand, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir! I cannot stop another moment:" and, before Mr. Lloyd had an opportunity of replying, he jumped into the chaise, and ordered the postillion to drive off at full speed.

Mr. Lloyd's amazement was so great, that he stood a few moments riveted to the spot where Edward had left him. But, when he entered the house, the extreme agitation and embarrassment of Gertrude's manner convinced him in a moment that something unpleasant had occurred. A confused idea hovered over his mind, that an explanation of some kind had taken place; and he was not many minutes held in ignorance of the truth: for Gertrude, as distinctly as her feelings would permit her, related the purport of her cousin Edward's visit.

"I am truly sorry, my love," said Mr. Lloyd, "that you have been so explicit with your worthy cousin: indeed, I sincerely lament it. This rash step—the first you have ever taken—may lead to a combination of evils, destructive to Edward's welfare, and your own happiness; for I am perfectly of his opinion, that Emma is incapable of feeling that firm and exalted passion, which contributes so largely to domestic enjoyments: and I fear, Gertrude, you have sacrificed your own peace

of mind, through a mistaken zeal for your sister Emma.—But did Edward say any thing relative to his future plans? Is he returning to London, or gone to Mr. Manville's?"

"I do not know, my dear father, what his intentions are, or whither he is gone. He quitted me so abruptly, I had neither opportunity nor resolution to ask the question.—I had, indeed, flattered myself that your return would have detained him here: but, when I saw him brush so swiftly by you, that hope entirely vanished."

"I now blame myself, Gertrude, that I did not before give you my candid opinion upon the subject: but there is a point of delicacy in intimating any thing of this kind to a daughter, unless we are convinced that the attachment is mutual, or have cause to disapprove the object of her choice. I had flattered myself that the ingenuousness of your tempers would produce an explanation conducive to the happiness of Edward and yourself.—As for Emma's attachment to her cousin, I considered it of too trifling a nature to merit my notice: but I now deeply regret that I did not check it, and point out the impropriety of indulging sentiments so dangerous to the peace of her sister.—I wonder, indeed, that you did not discover the airy flights of fancy through the thin disguise of affected passion."

"I fear, my dear father, you are mistaken respecting my sister's partiality for Edward. In your presence, she has assumed an air of cheerfulness: but, when we were alone, the agony of her feelings too clearly convinced me of the violence of her attachment."

"You are both deceived, my child. Emma has freely indulged her imaginary griefs, finding in your tenderness and sympathy a selfish gratification: but, if you had remained silent, or ridiculed her fancied misery, she would easily have conquered the passion which you imagine to be so deeply rooted in her heart."

When Gertrude retired to her own apartment, the idea, that her father's suspicions were just, created a thousand agonising reflexions; and too late she lamented the rashness of her conduct: but, the next moment, the certainty of Edward's invaluable regard gave an exulting glow to her feelings.—During the night, her reflexions kept her awake. She endeavoured to form plans of future happiness: but these were swiftly succeeded by the certainty that they never could be realised; for, though her father imagined Emma's attachment was merely ideal, a thousand circumstances confirmed her opinion, that it never would be erased from her sister's heart.

To the happy, time flies swiftly along: but, when alternate hopes and fears prevail in the bosom, the tardy night seems never to have an end.—Gertrude's mind was in this state:—the darkness of night was insupportable to her: but, as the morn approached, the gloom of despondency gradually dispersed, and the cheering rays of light opened new sources of comfort. She blamed herself for having indulged the sharpness of anguish; and, in her morning orisons to her Creator, she fervently prayed for fortitude to sustain disappointments, and for increasing virtue to contribute to the happiness of her father and sister. Her affections were warm, but amiable; for the exalted power of reason seldom failed to check any violent emotions, arising from unexpected joy or sorrow. What her reason sanctioned, her actions cor-

roborated; and the serenity and uncommon sweetness of her countenance evinced the peace within her breast—that peace, which is never disturbed by the ignoble passions of envy, pride, or malice; but, like a tranquil current, glides smoothly along—effacing every spot from the pebbles over which it passes—and, by its gentle soothing murmurs, increasing the interest of the surrounding scene.

In the morning, when Gertrude entered the breakfast-room, she was surprised to find upon the tea-tray a note from her father, intimating that particular business had urged his departure from home, and begging that she would not be uneasy, if he did not return until the following night.

The day appeared unusually slow and tedious to Gertrude; for the loss of her father's society was to her a most serious evil; and a drizzling rain, and thick mist which hung over the valley, expelled every cheerful thought from her mind. She endeavoured, in diversity of employment, to create her own happiness; but the *sombre* gloom around her, and the want of her beloved father to converse with, defeated her endeavours, and painfully turned her thoughts to a subject which she anxiously wished to avoid.

At night, when the clock struck ten, she reluctantly gave up the hope of her father's return: but she determined to wait up for him to a late hour; and, with the view of engaging her attention, she went into the library for a book.

The one most congenial to her feelings was a volume of Dr. Blair's sermons. Without design, she accidentally opened at the discourse on our imperfect knowledge of good and evil; and every line, she fancied, was written by the hand of an inspired penman, to calm her agitated spirit. Though she had frequently perused it, and admired its countless beauties, they had never before made the same impression upon her mind: but, in rapturous silence, she now perused and re-perused its elevated sentiments. They extended her thoughts far beyond the present period of life, to the endless joys of futurity—those joys, which are not dimmed by temporal disappointments, but which pervade the soul with the illustrious power of a divinity. "Let me not, then," she mentally ejaculated, "murmur at any dispensations which thwart my own selfish wishes; for my narrow capacity cannot soar to the wisdom of that Almighty Being, who, in infinite mercy, checks those desires which are encompassed with evil."

A little after two in the morning, her father's well-known knock at the door quieted every apprehension upon his account: but she was sorry to observe that his countenance indicated fatigue and extreme vexation.—She immediately mixed a glass of warm wine and water; and, after he had taken that, and a little dry toast, she ventured to ask him if any thing unpleasant had occurred during his absence.

"I am harassed, Gertrude, with a tedious journey," said Mr. Lloyd, "and vexed that the object of my pursuit was not to be met with. If I had seen him, every other inconvenience would have been overlooked. You will, no doubt, be surprised, when I inform you that I have been at Mr. Manville's house, but unfortunately arrived too late to meet with his son. Captain Manville is returned to London, to rejoin his regiment; for they are again ordered abroad, and the pleasing prospect of peace is once more blasted! I had indulged a hope of

receiving intelligence of your cousin Edward through his means: but that hope is destroyed, unless Mr. Manville, who has written to his son, shall receive tidings of him."

"I thank you, sir," said Gertrude, "for this proof of r gard to my happiness; for I plainly discover the motive which influenced you to take this journey.—Be assured, my dear father, that my regard for Edward never will undermine what I consider as more important affections."

"Do not, my love," replied Mr. Lloyd, "refine away your own happiness. It is extending a false delicacy too far, when it leads you to resign the object of your affections, for a sister, who, I am convinced, is not formed to make a mind like Edward's happy.—I know the goodness of Emma's disposition, and the amiable virtues of her heart:—I know, too, that there are many men, whom she is better calculated to please than you are: but it must be those, who consider the intellectual powers of women as superfluous in a married state—and who deem personal beauty, and simplicity of character, the only requisites to charm.—Your cousin, however, has formed different ideas of the conjugal state: he, with justice, considers beauty as a pleasing embellishment to a reflecting, well-regulated mind: but it is not, in his estimation, an equivalent for those perfections, which time cannot destroy. He wishes for a wife, whose conversation and manners will please his friends, and convert his home into an earthly paradise—a woman endued with abilities and perseverance to assist him in the important task of educating his children, and to manage his affairs with discretion and economy—neither profusely lavish of his property, nor meanly tiresome in repeating her own prudential maxims. And, I confess, I do not know any man better calculated to make a sensible prudent woman happy, than your cousin Edward is. The only part of his character I object to, is an impetuosity of temper, which sometimes leads him beyond the boundary of discretion: but, as this is only an imperfect feature in youth, I trust his noble disposition, and the steady hand of time, will completely mollify it."

The week following, Mr. Lloyd received a letter from Mr. Manville, inclosing one from Captain Manville, which particularly mentioned that Edward had sold his commission: but his friend deeply regretted that he was not enabled to say what part of the country he was in. He feared the warmth of his temper would lead him into some indiscretion; for he was well assured of his unbounded attachment to his cousin; and that a disappointment in that quarter would thwart all his noble views of domestic happiness.

Various conjectures were formed by Mr. Lloyd and Gertrude, upon the motives which had induced Edward to conceal his motions and intentions from his friend; and a foreboding of some rash action resulting from his present feelings, threw a dark cloud over their own enjoyments.

On the morning previous to Emma's return home, Gertrude was reading the newspaper to her father. Her eyes involuntarily fixed upon the name of Lloyd; and she perused the lines repeatedly, before she spoke to her father. He asked her what had made her break off so abruptly in the middle of a sentence.—Her emotion almost deprived her of the power of utterance: but at

last she exclaimed, "Here is an account of my cousin Edward, sir."

"What is it, my love?" said Mr. Lloyd.

"Only, sir," replied Gertrude, "that he is married."

"Married! you must be mistaken, my love. There are many Captain Lloyds: and I cannot think it is Edward."

"I fear indeed, sir, it is," said Gertrude with trembling emotion: "but I will read you the paragraph—'Married, on Wednesday, the 15th instant, at Bath, Captain Lloyd, of Derbyshire, to Mrs. Gardine, so highly distinguished in the fashionable world. We understand that the attractions of a fine young fellow have, in ten days, overcome all her objections to a second sacrifice of her liberty: and the lovely widow has afforded convincing proof that she was not influenced in her choice by all-powerful gold, since she has preferred one of the gallant heroes of the Nile to lovers who had ancient titles to offer her, with ample means to gratify the most ambitious desires of her heart.'"

Soon as Gertrude had finished, her father exclaimed, "Your surmises, my love, are, I fear, too well founded: but now is the time to convince me that you are capable of bearing with fortitude one of the greatest disappointments incident to human nature."

Gertrude tenderly kissed her father's hand, and fervently assured him that she felt far more for her sister, than for herself. "I wish," added she, "that Edward may be happy in the connexion he has formed."

"I much doubt it," replied her father: "for ten days are not sufficient to learn the dispositions of those with whom we are to spend the whole of our remaining years."

(To be continued.)

The Old Woman.

(Continued from page 558.)

Nº. 13.—*The* Gig; *or, Conjugal* Obedience.

The other night, as I sat at my desk, deliberating on the choice of a subject to employ my pen for the instruction or entertainment of my readers, my attention was suddenly attracted by a violent shriek; and, by the light of a lamp in the street, I imperfectly discovered a carriage of some description overturned near my door.

From an impulse of humanity, I descended with all possible rapidity; and, rushing out at the street door, perceived a servant ride furiously up to the shattered carriage, and in the next moment spring from his horse. "It is just as I expected!" exclaimed the servant. "None but a madman would have made his wife get into a gig, when he could not see across the road.—God grant—poor thing!—she may not be the sufferer for her compliance! for she is the best mistress in the whole world!"—While saying this, he was employed in taking one of the lamps from the shattered vehicle, and examining the state of the still recumbent horse. The lady and gentleman, in the mean time, had found shelter in an adjoining green-grocer's shop.—The hospitable abode I instantly entered, for the purpose of offering my services to either, or both, of the sufferers; though, I confess, the honest effusions of the servant's feelings had greatly diminished my sympathy for his master.—When I entered the house, he was hanging over the apparently lifeless object of his affection, with an appearance of the greatest solicitude; alternately calling to the assembled multitude to hasten the surgeon, and cursing the surveyors for not placing lamps before every post.—With emotions of

the deepest regret, I gazed upon the inanimate object before me.—Never had I beheld a more lovely set of features; and, though the paleness of death overspread her countenance, her complexion appeared perfectly transparent.

Fortunately, at that moment, the surgeon entered. In the space of a few moments she opened her azure eyes; and, looking fearfully round, fixed them upon her husband, and faintly articulated, "Where am I?"—"My angel! my dear Eliza! thank God, I once more hear you speak!" exclaimed her delighted husband, with a fond embrace.

"Oh! Charles!" she replied, forcing a faint smile upon her countenance—"my fears were prophetic, but not, as you termed them, vain."

"Curses light upon the surveyors' heads!" exclaimed he, in a tone of resentment. "It was their fault, not mine."

As the surgeon recommended a vein to be immediately opened, I invited the youthful pair to walk across the way, offering to the poor victim of a husband's carelessness or folly, every attention in my power to pay.—She accepted the invitation with a mixture of courtesy and sweetness, which interested my feelings in a very eminent degree; but positively refused my proposition of her remaining my guest until the ensuing day.

"You have seen a slight specimen, madam," said she, "of the impetuosity of my husband's temper. It was his particular wish that I should return with him tonight; and, though I urged him to let me pass it with my mother, and most forcibly expressed fear from the darkness of the night, he was inflexibly determined that I should accompany him, and represented the implicit compliance which every man has a right to expect from his wife."

To this apology, which the fair stranger offered for rejecting the hospitality of my invitation, I merely made some common-place reply. A chaise was ordered; and, in less than an hour after our first meeting, my new acquaintance drove away.

The accident, which had so recently occurred, afforded ample subject for reflexion; and I began to consider whether no boundaries were to be set to the duties of a wife;—or whether, in compliance with the freak of a thoughtless husband, she was called upon to hazard the preservation of her life.

I allow, and have asserted, that women ought to make great sacrifices to oblige their husbands: but a wife should never be called upon to extend those sacrifices beyond the bounds of moderation. In all concerns of inferior moment, where her compliance with her husband's wishes will contribute to sweeten life, or her opposition to embitter it, I am decidedly of opinion, that she ought to relinquish her own choice: but, on more important occasions, where her compliance would evidently endanger her reputation, her virtue, or her life, it is unreasonable in him to exact obedience to the arbitrary dictates of inconsiderate caprice.

Here, however, I would observe, that I am far from being disposed to inculcate lessons of disobedience. I am too sincere a friend to conjugal felicity, to stain my pages with a single line that could militate against its growth; and, alas! I have seen too many instances of the misery produced by the want of it. In short, I would have the wife to feel for her husband all the tenderness which it is possible to experience for the kindest and most affectionate of brothers, blended with a mixture of

that respect, which paternal relationship inspires;—and I would have the husband fondly cherish the being, whom he has selected to become the partner of his joys and sorrows, and never to indulge in any unmanly exertion of that authority, which has been delegated to him by our laws.

Solitary Musings in a Country Church.

By Mr. John Webb, *Author of "Haverhill," &c.*

(*Continued from page 555.*)

November had begun his *sombre* reign: the proud regent of day, like a friend estranged, looked with eye askaunt on drooping Nature; and an envious cloud, big with watery stores, was fast advancing to veil his golden front, when I prepared to engage again in solitary musings in a country church.—The passing-bell was murmuring through the vale, and announcing that another way-worn pilgrim had crossed this valley of trial—terminated life's eventful journey—and entered upon an awful change of scene. Innumerable are the instances, in which the custom of thus proclaiming that death has made an addition to the number of his victims, has been productive of serious consequences to persons confined to a couch of sickness. I will here quote a few stanzas of an elegy written on this subject, while I lay in bed, suffering under a tedious indisposition.

"Immur'd in bed, I waste the tedious day,
By pain enfeebled, by confinement tir'd.
To speed the hours, I read th' historic page,
And scribble verses, by no Muse inspir'd.

No Muse propitious smiles where grief presides:
No bright ideas gild th' afflicted mind:
Like summer birds, they visit fairer climes,
And leave the stormy scenes of care behind.

Hark! from yon time-worn tow'r, the deep-ton'd knell
Tells this lone vale, another soul has fled;
Proclaims, one actor more has left the stage,
To swell the countless millions of the dead.

Again I hear that death-denoting voice,
Whose solemn accents, murm'ring through the gloom,
Shock my weak nerves, and weigh my spirits down,
And ope to fancy's view the gaping tomb.

Obnoxious custom! these imprudent sounds
Oft strike a panic to the patient's heart:
His spirits droop: the dire disease prevails,
And, with fierce onset, mocks the healing art.

He who reclines upon a bed of pain,
And wets his couch with unavailing tears,
Needs no memento-bell, to rouse his mind,
And shake his feeble frame with fatal fears.

His own acute sensations, doubtless, will
Remind him of his critical estate,
And wakeful conscience open to his view,
The awful prospect of a future state.

Hold, hold, stern monitor, thy iron tongue!
And let sleep's downy hand mine eye-lids close:
Come, Somnus, show'r thy poppies o'er my couch;
And steep my faculties in soft repose.

And, Oh! sweet Hope! illume my waking hour:
Excite me to anticipate the day,
When Health her balmy comforts shall dispense—
When Spring shall crown with rose-buds gentle May."

As I entered the church—after informing me, by a certain number of periodic strokes, that one of the tender engaging sex had shared the general doom, the noisy herald, the deep-toned bell, ceased to reverberate the doleful tidings through the sacred mansion.—"Perhaps," I exclaimed, "some beloved maid, with all the blushing honors of youth and beauty blooming on her face, has been summoned from the soft endearments of her weeping parents, or the arms of her faithful lover, and has left

them to experience the sad effects of blasted hopes and disappointed expectations. Or 'tis possible some affectionate wife has been called by death from a happy fire-side, while her disconsolate husband, surrounded by a group of rosy prattlers, is doomed to regret his and their irreparable loss. In such a lamentable case, the sight of the chair on which she was wont to sit—the innocent and heart-affecting inquiries of the dear little ones after their fond parent—and the recollection of a thousand little attentions and officious endearments—rise in regular succession, and agonize his breast."

Having finished my soliloquy, I found myself upon the surface of a family vault, in the centre of the middle aisle, where lies a gentleman, whose acute discernment and extensive erudition enabled him to figure in the front ranks of polished society.—But, alas! when he had passed the meridian of life, and began to descend the declivity of nature's hill; his . . . . . . (let the man of genius and science hear it, and be humbled)—his mental powers decayed; and the fabric of a finely-cultivated mind sunk in ruins,

> To second childishness and mere oblivion,
> Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans every thing! *Shakspeare.*

Where can the man be found, however knowledge may have enlarged, or piety enlightened his mind, who duly weighs and appreciates the blessings of sanity? How ought the heart of the possessor of such an inestimable privilege to bound with gratitude toward his Maker, and be feelingly alive to sympathise with the sufferer under that greatest of human calamities—the loss of intellect—reflecting, that 'tis possible, ere he has attained life's final period, that his star of reason may set, to rise no more.

> Oh! should it please that great all gracious Pow'r
> To take each friend that glads my social hour—
> Should Want, gaunt phantom! my low cot assail,
> And turn the ruddy cheek of plenty pale;
> Commission'd from on high, should fell Disease
> Remorseless on my dearest comforts seise;
> Thus tried, thus stripp'd, Oh! may I be resign'd!
> But spare, thou dread Supreme! Oh! spare my mind!"
> *Author's MS. Poems.*

Alas! how oft the instructor of nations, the conqueror of kingdoms, and the wearer of an imperial diadem—after enlightening millions by the rays of science—after depopulating provinces, or crushing devoted myriads with the iron mace of despotism—have been so stultified by old age, and rendered puerile by mental infirmity, as to covet the toys and rattles of infancy—and to weep, if deprived of them!

> "In life's last scenes, what prodigies surprise!
> Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise.
> From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow;
> And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show."
> *Dr. Johnson.*

In some instances, perhaps, this debility of mind may be caused by intense application to business or study:

> . . . . . " the brain, too finely wrought,
> Preys on itself, and is destroy'd by thought."

But, doubtless, these awful visitations are permitted, by the grand superintendent of the universe, to abase the proud hearts, and to dash the aspiring hopes, of ambitious mortals; and are wisely designed to teach us, that the most splendid assemblage of abilities, and the brightest emanations of genius, are talents that are lent us, for which the possessor is subject to a dread-

ful responsibility, and for the abuse of which he will be called to a strict account.

'T is an enigma, which the acutest disciple of Œdipus cannot presume to solve, why the mind of a Cowper, gilded as it was with the rays of genius, and warmed with the fervors of piety, should be clouded by melancholy, and become the prey of insanity, while the intellects of a Queensberry—a brilliant star in the sphere of fashion—an attractive magnet in the circles of pleasure—a conspicuous actor in the scenes of splendid dissipation—were continued unimpaired to the verge of ninety.—The dealings of Heaven with frail mortals are dark and mysterious. In vain may finite ingenuity attempt to unravel the plans of Omnipotence, or the eagle eye of philosophy to pry into his vast designs. They are as high as the bright abodes of angels: what can be done?—as deep as the gloomy recesses of despair: what can be known?

Mortal, be dumb! What creature dares
 Dispute his sovereign will?
Take no account of his affairs;
 But tremble, and be still! *Watts.*

(*To be continued.*)

Fashionable FOLLY;
or, a SKETCH *of the* TIMES.
(*Concluded from page* 553.)

THE conversation between the steward and the bailiff was interrupted by a violent shriek from Mrs. Modish, who, upon the entrance of the banquet for the sheriff's officers, had retired to her apartment, and packed up her jewels, for the purpose of going to a friend's house, and leaving her husband to extricate himself, as he could, from his present embarrassment.—The sheriff's officers, who were regaling themselves with the delicacies placed before them, had not the slightest suspicion of the lady's intended plan, until they heard the carriage drive up, and saw Mrs. Modish dressed for travelling.

"Not quite so fast, madam, if you please," said one of them, seising her rudely by the arm.—"You're a pretty sort of a lady, to be sure, to think of cheating your husband's creditors! Give me that little red trunk you have there, young woman," he added, snatching the box of jewels out of the Abigail's hand.

At this unexpected salutation, and forcible method of detaining, Mrs. Modish uttered the before-mentioned shriek, which instantly collected Jenkinson and the sheriff's officers around her, followed by two or three servants.—The casket of jewels was instantly opened; and in it were found secreted bank-notes to a considerable amount; which the exasperated Modish perceiving, loaded his wife with the bitterest execrations.

Instead of tender condolings and conjugal endearments, which, doubtless, blunt the edge of misfortune, each party reproached the other, as the author of those calamities, which the joint extravagance of both had produced.

The officers of justice silently listened to those alternate accusations for some minutes; but at length, aware that their business would admit no further delay, two of them hurried the master of the splendid mansion into a post-chaise; while two remained to take an inventory of the property, and prevent any part of it from being carried away.

The ebullitions of passion having subsided, the late mistress of the spacious dwelling returned to her apartment; but how dreadful must have been her reflexions, when not one instance of benevolence to her

fellow creatures occurred to her imagination, to cheer them!—Her own and her husband's fortune had been squandered in a display of grandeur and magnificence, which the most princely fortune could scarcely authorise: vanity and self-gratification had alike influenced the actions of both; and each was alike contemptible in every reflecting being's eyes—Unhappy man! and still more unhappy woman! to what source of consolation can either of you fly? That God, whom you alike neglected in affluence, you can not expect to sustain your spirits, when overwhelmed with adversity! May this picture, which is too faithful a copy of many individuals, who are destined to move in a fashionable sphere of life, strike home to the hearts of those who launch into expenses, beyond what their fortunes are able to supply.—By the death of his truly respectable father, Mr. Modish, at an early period of existence, had come to the possession of an ample fortune; but, from a natural thoughtlessness of disposition, his affairs soon became embarrassed. To relieve those difficulties, which a little prudence would soon have surmounted, he married an heiress, for whom he felt not the slightest regard—whose ruling passion was ostentation—and who was destitute of every qualification likely to win the heart.—In consequence of this failure of the feminine virtues, home became a scene of turbulence and dissatisfiction; and, unless it was filled with company who acted as a check upon domestic dissensions, it was never his place of residence.

What he had reduced himself to, and what he might have been, formed a striking contrast, which pressed so heavily upon his heart, that the small portion of fortitude which he possessed, sunk under the painful retrospection; and he died in the Fleet prison, in less than six months! His unamiable wife, whose feelings were less acute, retired into Wales, and their lived in privacy upon the wreck of her fortune, or, rather, upon a trifling sum allowed her by her husband's creditors.—No painted saloon, no gilded canopies, remained for her to fix her delighted eyes upon: a thatched roof alone secured her from the inclemency of the weather; and, instead of being able to see her person reflected in various mirrors, she had only whited walls to gaze upon!

The Shipwrecked Boy.

(*With an illustrative Plate.*)

Though idleness is allowed to be the parent of poverty, yet it is not always the industrious who are destined to thrive; for misfortune, like an hereditary disease, seises on its victim, in spite of every exertion either of body or mind. The truth of this observation was completely verified in the person of the laborious Maurice Morgan, an honest wood-cutter, who resided within a short distance of Carnarvon.

From the muscular form of his body, and the manual exertions he was capable of making, Morgan had obtained the name of the Welsh Hercules; yet the conviction of his superior strength never inclined him to be quarrelsome: on the contrary, he seemed formed by nature for domestic enjoyment and peace. Yet it was in vain that Morgan toiled to support his numerous family, and procure them the common necessaries of life; for scarcely had he surmounted one misfortune, when, like the sprouting heads of the mutilated hydra, new calamities unexpectedly crowded upon him.—The object of his affection had for several years been incapable of aid-

ing her husband's exertions, from the effects of an alarming and painful disease; and his children—though, in infancy, the healthiest of the healthy—gradually declined, as they advanced in years.

At the commencement of this history, however, his wife had derived great benefit from the skill and kindness of Dr. Gilman, an English physician, who, after ascending the majestic height of Snowdon, accidentally entered her humble hut.—One of her children at that time was a dreadful sufferer from having dislocated his hip-bone; and two others seemed to have imbibed the same disorder under which their unfortunate mother labored.—Morgan's mind nevertheless was relieved from a load of anxiety, by the humane physician's assurance that his wife would entirely recover; and, with spirits buoyed up by this enlivening intelligence, the industrious wood-cutter went to his usual work. —The preceding night had been extremely stormy: but, exhausted by labor, Morgan heeded not the storm; and, after regaling his appetite with a dry crust and an onion, enjoyed the comforts of undisturbed repose.

As he approached the sea-shore, the still agitated ocean struck him. "Ah!" thought he, "how many of my fellow creatures may have perished beneath these tumultuous waves, while I, unmindful of their sufferings, slept soundly through the whole of the night!"—His path lay along the beach, round a kind of promontory stretching itself into the sea; and, as he suddenly turned an angle, every softer feeling was called into action, by perceiving a young child thrown upon the beach.—Humanity gave impetus to his actions; he darted forward, and eagerly seised the arm of the sleeping child, who, roused by the grasp of kindness, uttered a most pitiable cry.

"Hush! hush! you pretty creature!" said Morgan, pressing it to his bosom, and disengaging it from a kind of mantle with which it was wrapped round; then taking off his leathern jacket, he covered the little foundling, and quickly returned home.—"I have brought you a present, my dear Peggy," said Morgan, at the same time approaching her, and unwrapping his coat.—"A present!" she repeated: "Lord bless you, my dear Maurice! and where did you get that pretty innocent?"—"God Almighty, I believe, my dear, sent him to us, to make us amends for our own poor sickly ones. Only look at its limbs, Peggy! Why, I could fancy it my own flesh and blood."

Peggy, instead of admiring the beauty of the infant, was busily employed in opening a little trunk, from which she took out a child's old blanket, and a little bed-gown. Morgan, in the mean time, was relating to her the manner in which he had found the child, and displaying the wet mantle, as a relique which might perhaps lead to some discovery.

A goat, which was all the poor wood-cutter's substance, fortunately at that time happened to have a kid; and, while Peggy was busily employed in covering the body of this providentially preserved infant, her husband went to procure it a little milk. —This necessary sustenance having been administered, the humane wood-cutter returned to the beach, not with the hope of saving another fellow creature, but under the idea that some part of the wreck might appear, as the tide went down, and lead to a discovery, from what part of the world the unfortunate vessel had arrived.

Vain, however, proved this expectation; for not a single plank appeared. The anxious Morgan continued his research, and, as the tide decreased, pursued his way round the impending rock.—He had not proceeded any great distance, when he beheld a female negro, extended, apparently lifeless, on the shore. With the liveliest emotion of compassion, he approached her, but found her eyes closed, though her body was not cold.—With benevolent exertion he began to rub her almost stiffened limbs, and, in a few minutes, had the satisfaction of observing her bosom heave. With undescribable pleasure he continued his employment, till at length the exhausted sufferer opened her eyes, and, gazing fearfully and wildly around her, faintly uttered "Oh! the lost child!"

"He is safe! he is well! and, blessed be God, I found him!" said Morgan.—The delighted woman uttered a scream of joy, and, in attempting to throw her sable arms round the neck of the child's preserver, fell back, and expired.—At a moment when hope had been elevated to its highest pitch, and the idea of having restored a fellow creature to existence gave the liveliest emotions of pleasure to the benevolent Morgan's mind, these gratifying sensations suddenly vanished, on beholding the object of his solicitude stretched lifeless at his feet. Although he was a man unaccustomed to the weeping mood, the tears of sensibility involuntarily started, as, with folded arms, he intently gazed upon the insensible form.

An alarming thought rapidly crossed his imagination:—"he might be accused of murder, if he remained upon the spot!" With hurried steps he retraced the path he had recently trodden; and, pale and agitated, he soon reached his humble cot.—The faithful sharer of his joys and sorrows was instantly alarmed by the pallid hue of his cheek, and, in a voice of tenderness, besought him to reveal the circumstance that agitated his mind.—In brief terms he related the melancholy occurrence that had happened; and each lamented the unfortunate woman's fate, which appeared peculiarly distressing, from her not having lived to reveal the real condition of the child.—While deploring this event, the humane physician entered, and was immediately made acquainted with the circumstances which had occurred. He gazed upon the little fellow with looks of kindness and compassion, exclaiming, "Sweet little angel! would to Heaven I knew your parents!"—he then carefully examined the mantle, which proved to be an Indian shawl; and his little shirt was of the finest and most delicate cloth.

From these circumstances, Doctor Gilman conjectured that the black woman was his nurse, and that either she alone had been sent to England with the lovely baby, or that one or both of his ill-fated parents had accompanied him, and perished beneath the waves.

"What do you mean to do with this hapless infant?" inquired the doctor.—"I mean to let him live as I live, if God Almighty blesses me with health, an't please your honor," replied Morgan; "and, if I should fall sick, he, with the rest of my children, must go to the parish."

"But you can ill supply your own children with food," observed the doctor; "and, by keeping this child, you must necessarily incur expense. Would it not be prudent to represent the circumstance to the

overseers of the parish? and, in the workhouse, you know he must be both clothed and fed."

"While Maurice can work, sir, and I am able to look after the pretty creature, he never shall go to such a place as that. God Almighty is very good; and something may turn out better for us, than we can expect!"

"Excellent creatures!" exclaimed the benevolent physician; "how I honor the humanity of your feelings! something *shall* turn out to your advantage; for, while the child is with you, I will pay you eight shillings a week.—But the first thing to be done, is to go to Carnarvon, and purchase the sweet infant proper clothes:—there is a five-pound note for you; and, if that is not sufficient, I will give you more."

Joy, gratitude, and astonishment, were strikingly displayed upon her countenance. A five-pound note she had never before beheld; and, running with it toward her husband, she exclaimed, "Maurice! Maurice! look at this!"—A sense of gratitude instantly conquered every other feeling; and, in the unstudied language of nature, she poured forth her warmest thanks.—It was finally determined that Maurice should defer going to his accustomed laborious employment until the afternoon, for the purpose of watching the little stranger, while his wife went to Carnarvon, to purchase him clothes.

In the mean time, the benevolent Dr. Gilman pursued his way to a more extensive part of the coast; for the spot where Maurice had found the lovely infant, was merely a little nook, overhung by a rough precipice, and where no vessels of any burden ever ventured.—All he could hear, was, that, about two o'clock in the morning, signals of distress had been heard very near the coast; but, as the morning had been extremely dark, and the sea unusually tempestuous, not a single boat had been able to venture out; and, as no symptoms of a wreck had been discovered, it was conjectured that the vessel and all her crew had been lost.—How the poor black and her lovely charge had escaped the fate of their companions, could not possibly be accounted for; but, as it is a well-known fact that most of the blacks are excellent swimmers, it was supposed, that, in the general consternation, she had seised the object of her solicitude, and swam with him to land.

In the mean time the body of the poor woman had been removed to a neighbouring public-house. Doctor Gilman immediately went thither, for the purpose of searching her pockets: but neither paper nor letter of any description was found in them: all they contained was a few trifling ornaments; on her finger, however, she had a ring, with the initials, G. M. G.

Of this ring and the other trifles Doctor Gilman took immediate possession; and, as he had seen similar ornaments worn by the natives during his residence in the West Indies, he resolved to write, by the first vessel that sailed to those islands, a particular account of the melancholy catastrophe, and entreat a friend, who resided in Jamaica, to make every inquiry in his power.—He likewise determined to have it stated in the public papers without delay; and, for this purpose, he wrote to a correspondent in London, requesting him to see that it was immediately advertised.—The next measure to be adopted, was to give orders for the interment of the poor black; which having done, he

thought it proper that his lovely *protégé* should be baptised; and the following Sunday was appointed for the performance of that ceremony. In the mean time, Dr. Thornton, the rector of the parish, having seen the lovely foundling, was extremely struck with his beauty, as was likewise his lady; and they kindly offered to become sponsors, if the proposal met with the doctor's approbation.—Delighted at the idea of leaving the child of his adoption under the protection of such respectable friends, the doctor not only thankfully accepted the proposal, but determined to name the child George Thornton, in compliment to the worthy clergyman, who evidently felt so warmly interested about him.

For several days, the humble hut of the worthy Morgans was actually crowded with guests, drawn thither either by curiosity, or a better motive.—Whatever was the cause, the effect was favorable to Peggy Morgan, as most of her visitors made presents either to herself or her children; and, in less than a fortnight, the appearance of both was so completely altered, that their nearest neighbours would scarcely have known them.—The sturdy limbs of the little stranger seemed daily to acquire activity; and his nurse prognosticated, that, in less than a month, he would run alone:—her own health, too, seemed daily to become stronger, from being able to procure a sufficiency of wholesome food.—Eight shillings a week, with the earnings of her industrious husband, appeared to her actual affluence; and, from the liberality of those whom sympathy or curiosity had attracted to her humble habitation, she had been enabled to procure decent apparel for herself and her children.

The term allotted for recreation being expired, the benevolent Dr. Gilman found it necessary to return to London, for the purpose of resuming his professional pursuits; and, after having left a sufficient sum of money in the hands of Mrs. Thornton, he took an affectionate leave of his adopted son.

(To be continued.)

The Midnight Bell; *a Fragment.* *By* J. M. L.

........"What can it mean then?" said a venerable old man, one winter's night, peeping forth from his humble cottage, and speaking to his next neighbour. "If there is not a fire, why should we be thus disturbed at midnight by that bell? It has not been once rung, these seven years; and then, if you remember, farmer Rackstraw's barns were destroyed by lightning."

Here old Jasper had touched on a string that called forth the tears of his neighbour Hubert. "Aye, neighbour!" he cried—"I do indeed remember it; for, on the morning of that day, my poor son was tempted from me by some soldiers; and I was left alone in my old age, the victim of his ingratitude. But your goodness, Jasper, and that of your old dame, has kept me from absolute despair; and I still drag on my miserable existence, if not in comfort, at least in peace: and, when I pray to the God of all goodness, my tears constantly flow at poor Edward's name, which I never fail to send, in a contrite whisper, to the throne of mercy."

Here the fire-bell rang again; and the villagers began to flock together about old Jasper's door, who, as well as old Hubert, was considered as a sort of patriarch among them. A consultation was now held; for it appeared a matter of moment. No

fire was to be seen: the bell occasionally rang; and the question was, Who it could be, that rang it? The situation of the bell was under a shed at the entrance of the church-yard, which was at some distance from their habitations; and something very like terror had taken possession of many of the young lads of the village:—superstition, that hydra, though most of its heads are gone, has still sufficient influence upon the ignorant mind, to make it shudder at the idea of entering a church-yard at midnight. At length the villagers agreed to go in a body, provided that Jasper and Hubert headed them. This they did; and the procession moved boldly forward, till the church was in sight. Here, some, more cowardly than the rest, advised a retreat till day-light.

"For shame!" cried old Jasper—"for shame! Now that I am come so far, even if I go the rest of the way alone, I will see what it is, that occasions this disturbance. *You* will not desert me, Hubert, I am sure: for who knows but it may be some fellow creature in distress? some benighted traveller? some........ But come on! and we shall soon ascertain it."

Most of them now cheerfully advanced: there was so much of probability in old Jasper's idea, that even the cowards began to think as he did.—The shed soon appeared, as they turned the corner of the wall; and the mystery was now cleared up. On the ground, just under the bell-rope, was discovered a human being, but so miserably clad in offensive rags, that the sex was almost doubtful. It was evident, that, whoever or whatever it was, night and fatigue had conspired to bring the wanderer to that spot; and, as a last resort, the shed had offered itself as a shelter, and the bell as an alarm to the village.

It seemed to be a man; and several of the young men had already lifted him up, senseless as he was, when in an instant the lantern which poor Hubert held, dropped from his trembling grasp, and he fell to the ground.........It was his son!........Trepanned by some soldiers, the young man had enlisted, had sought the land of our enemies, had bravely fought against them, and, with his comrades in arms, returned, unhurt, to his native shore. Soon after his arrival, an accidental but serious hurt had disabled him, and he was discharged. Being deprived, by this event, of the usual bounty of his country, he had sought a miserable subsistence from begging; had become wretched, ragged, and diseased; had endeavoured to reach his first home: but, worn down by fatigue and pain, his limbs could bear him no further........Behold him now in the cottage of his aged parents: see the tear-drop standing in the venerable old man's eye!—it trickles o'er his furrowed cheek:—he presses his unfortunate son to his breast.......May they yet be happy!

The Highland Hermitage.

(*Continued from page 551.*)

Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.

"Good morning, Miss Seymour!" said Mr. Mortimer—'I find that you have paid an early visit this morning. I have just now parted with old Benson:—there was such an unusual expression of pleasure in his countenance, that I could not help asking him the reason of it; and I ceased to wonder, when he told me, that Miss Seymour had, that morning, honored his cottage with a visit.'

"Mortimer's behaviour was so

polite and respectful, that I soon got the better of the embarrassment caused by the recollection of what had happened on the preceding day; and I gave way to the pleasure which his conversation always afforded me. Indeed, so far was I from banishing this destructive passion from my heart, that every day strengthened my attachment.

"We made frequent visits to the cottage; and, one day, we insensibly got on the subject of my quitting Byron-Place. 'You seem, madam,' cried Mortimer in a dejected tone, 'to speak with a degree of pleasure of returning to Seymour-Hall: can I wonder at it? A parent so dear to you, the number of happy faces that will crowd around you to welcome your return, must naturally, in a heart like yours, give birth to a thousand joyous ideas: and, when you are roving with pleasure over your happy native plains, the scenes and friends you have left behind, will possibly be forgotten.—Will you pardon me, too amiable Miss Seymour,' continued he, pressing my hand, with earnestness in his voice and manner, "if I own to you, that my soul sickens at the idea of this separation? Can I forget the happy hours I have passed in your society? can I forget the music of your voice? and shall I not view with heaviness and languor those scenes, which, in your absence, will lose all their power of pleasing? My ever gentle friend! my heart is oppressed: I am no longer master of its emotions: I have no longer power to conceal the sentiments which you have inspired. You have robbed Mortimer of his peace! I love you, madam, with an ardent, delicate, disinterested passion: and, as this is the first time that my passion has got the better of my judgement, so shall it be the last, as I am thoroughly sensible of the immense distance that fate has placed between us.'

"Though this declaration was what I had long expected, yet I was so agitated, so softened by his manner, that I could not articulate a word.

"I have offended you, Miss Seymour,' he resumed—'and, I fear, unpardonably: but I know the noble generosity of your heart: you will pity, you will, I hope, forgive a man, who would not willingly offend you to gain an empire, and who has nothing to ask, nothing to expect, from an avowal of his sentiments, but that you will sometimes think favorably of one who will make your happiness his first consideration.'

"Mr. Mortimer!' replied I, endeavouring to recover myself, 'you cannot really think that I am angry. Deceit and dissimulation are not in my nature. You must,' continued I, trembling, and with my face in a glow—'you must, long since, have discovered that you were not indifferent to me. Yes, sir! I frankly confess, that, but for one objection—which, I fear, is insurmountable—I could listen to you on this subject.'

"Oh! I am sensible of that objection,' replied he eagerly: 'but suffer me to enjoy the transporting idea of not being disagreeable to you.—Yes, my charming friend! I have heard of Mr. Seymour's peculiar aversion to the clergy in general: and, even without that prejudice, I could not have flattered myself, very humble as my fortune is, that your father would give to me his darling daughter. Let the opinions, the determinations of Mr. Seymour be what they may, they shall ever be respected by me. It is enough for me to know, that, but

for a prior duty, my beloved Fanny could be happy in Mortimer's cottage. To see her there content and happy, the darling mistress of the little I possessed, would, in my estimation, be a blessing superior to the wealth of worlds.'

"Oh! why do I dwell on this conversation—a conversation indelibly engraven on my memory? why think on days of happiness that are passed, never to be recalled?—Mortimer was my friend—my lover! We reciprocally exchanged a thousand vows of unalterable fidelity, nor suffered one thought of the future to cast a cloud over our present joys. At last, the long-expected summons from my father arrived. It was the first time I had ever felt a reluctance in complying with a command to attend on him. I knew not why—but a sadness pervaded every faculty of my mind, as I perused the letter.—Mortimer was with me when I received it: I gave it to him. When he had read it, he turned to me with a smile which was evidently forced, saying, 'Mr. Seymour is returned to the Hall! he wishes for his Fanny! You will attend him, my sweet friend; and, with your permission, I will conduct you in safety to his arms.'

"Good Heavens! Mortimer!' I exclaimed—'you know not what you propose! Would you expose yourself, unprepared, to the violence of my father's temper?—I tremble at the idea of your meeting.'

"Be not alarmed, my love,' he replied.—'An open candid mode of proceeding is surely at all times the best. You have, my dearest Fanny! repeatedly declared that you will not accept the hand of your faithful Mortimer without your father's consent; and far be it from me to wish you to alter your determination. It would be repugnant to my principles, and inconsistent with my character as a teacher of morality, to endeavour to prevail on a child to violate her first duties.—Whatever may be the fate of the man who adores you, Fanny Seymour will ever be respected by me for her filial submission to her parent. But doubt and suspense are insupportable: Mr. Seymour shall know that I have dared to love his daughter. He is a gentleman: he will not forget what is due to his own character and mine. But, should resentment get the better of his reason, I will, for my Fanny's sake, bridle the impetuosity of my own temper: I will not for a moment forget the relation in which he stands to the most amiable of women.'

"I endeavoured to appear satisfied with his reasoning: but my heart beat with apprehension.—Sir Thomas and Lady Byron approved Mortimer's proposal; and both offered, if it would be any satisfaction to me, to accompany me to the Hall. I accepted their friendly offer with grateful joy, as I knew that Sir Thomas was a great favorite with my father; and I hoped that Mortimer's being introduced as his friend, might secure to him at least a tolerably polite reception.

"These preliminaries being adjusted, Mortimer used every endeavour to remove the chagrin and pensiveness that visibly hung about me, and, by a thousand arguments, strove to calm my fears, and to convince me, that, when this meeting was over, we should both feel more at ease. I was in some degree reassured by the united endeavours of friends so beloved, and quitted Byron-Place with tolerable composure of mind.

"When we arrived at the Hall, and my father folded me in his arms, and fondly welcomed me home, I

at that moment forgot every thing but the unfeigned joy I felt at seeing him. After this first sensation, however, I anxiously watched every turn of his countenance, when Byron introduced his friend to him; and I was delighted to observe, that, notwithstanding the repulsive appearance of his black coat, he did receive him with more freedom and complaisance than I had expected.

"After my father had welcomed his guests to Seymour-Hall, he took my hand, and led me toward a young gentleman who had hitherto stood a silent observer of what was passing. 'D'Anville!' said he, 'permit me to introduce to you my daughter, the pride and boast of her fond father; and do you, my Fanny, look upon this gentleman as one for whom I have a particular esteem and regard.'

"This stranger (for, to the best of my recollection, I had never seen him before) politely saluted me, and passed some compliments, which seemed highly to please my father. —The first view I had of Mr. D'Anville did not prepossess me in his favor; and that dislike might probably proceed from a something within me, which I could not account for.—He certainly was a very handsome man: his eyes were large, black, and sparkling; but there was in them an expression of malevolence, which obscured their brilliancy:—how different, how very different from Mortimer's!

"We passed a cheerful evening. My father was particularly attentive to D'Anville; and, from several hints which he let drop, and the significant looks he occasionally cast at that gentleman and me, gave me some apprehension of his intentions."

"The next morning, Sir Thomas and Mr. D'Anville rode out: Lady Byron and Mortimer went into the garden: I was preparing to follow them, when my father bade me stay with him, as he had something of consequence to communicate to me. He fastened the door, and then, without any preface, addressed me as follows—'Fanny! how do you like Mr. D'Anville? is he not a handsome fellow?'—'I think he is, sir,' I replied, and hung down my head in silence.—'Your answer is mighty cool, methinks: but you will perhaps not long be so indifferent: I intend him for your husband.'—'Good Heaven! I hope not,' answered I hastily.—'And why hope not?' said my father—'Have you made any other choice, Fanny?' and here he looked so earnestly at me, that I turned away my glowing face; but, recollecting myself, I answered, 'Pardon me, my dear sir! I own you surprised me by proposing an entire stranger to me for a husband. I do not wish to quit your protection: I have no thoughts of matrimony.'—'Poo! poo! all stuff and nonsense! I shall hear you talk in another strain by and by.—But listen to me, Fanny; for I am serious. Mr. D'Anville is the only son of a much-esteemed friend of mine long deceased. This young man, by the death of an uncle, has lately come into possession of a good estate contiguous to mine; and he proposes to join the two estates by a union with you. I readily closed with his proposals, for the satisfaction of leaving my child in the enjoyment of the best connected and conditioned estates in the county. Therefore, Fanny, if you wish to oblige your father, who has ever been most indulgent to you—and as it is for your own advantage that I am so solicitous to complete this match—you will give D'Anville your

hand.—I will say no more to you at present, but leave your lover to plead his own cause.'

"Merciful Powers!' thought I, —'is it to the contiguity of a few dirty acres that my peace of mind is to be sacrificed? Is not my fortune already sufficiently large for an individual? and what opinion can I form of the mind of a man, who can negotiate in this mercantile way for a wife?' This apostrophe, however, passed not my lips; as I was not willing to exasperate my father. He was now preparing to quit the room, and I to follow him, when Mortimer entered, and begged that he would favor him with a few moments' conversation; a request, with which my father somewhat stiffly complied.

"I hurried from a conference, which I knew would be too interesting for me to witness. Extremely fluttered, I hastened into the garden to Lady Byron. 'Oh! my friend!' cried I—'the storm begins to vent itself on thy poor Fanny's head! Mortimer is now with my father: in an unlucky moment he makes known his wishes, as my father has just declared to me his desire of seeing me the wife of D'Anville!—My Laura! my dear Laura! I dread the issue of this conference!—Support me to bear the violence of my father's temper.'

"Lady Byron said every thing in her power to sooth my apprehensions. I leaned my head on her shoulder; and a violent flood of tears somewhat relieved me.

"I was thus circumstanced when Mortimer joined us.—As he approached, I saw his face was in a glow.—I attempted to speak to him: but the words died on my lips. He took my hand, and hung over me for some time in motionless silence, and with a most painful expression of countenance.—At length, 'How hard,' he cried—'how very hard it is, my too charming friend, to comply with the severe dictates of duty, when opposed by the powerful pleadings of inclination! But I have passed my word; and, whatever may be the consequence, I will abide by it.—Mr. Seymour has forbidden me even to think of his daughter, and that too in terms not the most soothing.—My time is too precious to repeat a conversation which I will endeavour to forget. I have but a few short minutes allowed me to bid you adieu—to tear myself from you—perhaps,' continued he in faltering accents, 'for ever!—Farewell then, my too tenderly beloved Miss Seymour! Cherish the memory of Mortimer! It will be the pride of my heart to think I shall not be forgotten by the most amiable woman in the world. And, whatever may be the fate of our loves, we shall not, I trust, be quite unhappy, while we continue to act with honor and rectitude. I go then, my friend, my dearest friend! and will endeavour to think of you only in that character, till fortune smiles more favorably upon me.—Oh! smile upon me, my Fanny, my dear Fanny!' cried he, folding me in his arms; 'and once, ere I depart, let your tuneful voice speak peace to my soul! once more repeat that declaration, with which you so oft have cheered me, that your friend, your Mortimer, will never cease to be dear to you.'

"My heart was full: in broken and interrupted murmurs, I could only assure him how dear he was to me. 'God for ever bless you, Mortimer! Be assured that the hand of Fanny Seymour shall never be given in marriage, except to the man who possesses her heart. Oh!

go!' continued I in an agony, seeing my father enter the garden—'If you love me, avoid exposing yourself again to my exasperated parent.'—'Once more, then, adieu, my first, my last, my only love!—Mr. Seymour and I must not meet again.'

"He then hurried from me; and Byron, who was approaching us, joined him.—I could, if possible, have shrunk from myself, and would have given worlds to have avoided seeing my father at that moment. I had not spirits to encounter the violence of temper which I knew he would vent upon me. I would have quitted the temple before he entered it: but he came in just as I arose from my seat.

"'Whither so fast, my dutiful daughter?' he exclaimed. 'Is your father already become so hateful to your sight, that you are endeavouring to fly from him?—Ungrateful, disobedient girl!' he added, in a voice almost suffocated with passion—'was there no other way to plague my heart, than that of fixing your affections on a parson, and forcing him upon me?—a parson! one of that set of men, whom, of all mankind, you knew to be most hateful to me! But hearken to me, Fanny! If you can so far forget the duty you owe to an indulgent parent, as to marry that canting scoundrel, and can be mean enough to be happy in poverty, may all the evils which attend such a situation be your portion! You have indeed a fortune, that will seem large to a beggarly parson, independent of me, left to you by your foolish uncle. But hear me,' continued he, trembling with rage—'and remember, a determination, once formed in my mind, is for ever after unalterable. If, in spite of my remonstrances, you will enter into this accursed marriage, may you and your posterity be as miserable as you would have made me! Never expect any favor or protection from me:—I renounce you for ever. Never will my eyes again dwell on you with delight and pleasure: and I will endeavour to forget that I ever gave birth to such a being.'

"Shocked beyond expression, to hear him thus heap ill wishes on my head, I sunk on my knees: I caught his hand, and bedewed it with my tears.

(*To be continued.*)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page 489.*)

Book 6.

More expeditious than Alva's couriers, Tyranny winged her way across the Pyrenees, from whose lofty summits she in her wrath hurls many a rock into the abysses beneath. Under her tread, the affrighted Ebro rushes back to his source: her terrific voice alarms all Madrid, and announces the triumph of the Batavians, and the return of William. Terror freezes every heart—spreads like a rapid contagion, and penetrates into the recesses of the Escurial. There, environed by a pompous and servile court, Philip had assembled the gay circle of pleasures: but, even in the midst of them, a sullen sternness clouded his brow; and vainly did their sprightly train endeavour to dissipate the gloomy cares which sat brooding on the tyrant's mind.

Granvelle presents himself before him; and, while the well-feigned semblance of deep consternation conceals the joy with which the minister of the throne and of the altar is inspired by the hope of soon exercising in their joint names his personal vengeance, he thus addresses the despot—

"Great King! while you grant a

few hours to your relaxation from severer cares—while peace and submission reign throughout the numerous states that own your extended sway—the Batavians have the audacity to call themselves free! William has re-appeared, and breathes nought but war and battle."

At these words the monarch's eyes gleam with burning ire: he gives orders to suspend the pleasures of the night: they are instantly suspended: the flambeaux, which, like radiant constellations, illumined the ample dome, are extinguished; and Philip instantly assembles the ministers of his council.

They are introduced into a secret recess surrounded with massive walls, and secured with double doors, where sleepless watch mysterious Silence, and dark Policy with hollow, piercing eye. Her hand conceals a poignard, while a treacherous smile sits on her lips. Wandering from court to court, the monster long kept her abode at Rome, where, crowned with the tiara, she governed the subject world: at present, her residence is the Escurial.

Philip, whose sentiments on every other occasion are impenetrable, is at this moment unable to dissemble his indignant wrath; it stands portrayed in every feature of his countenance. "By what fatality," exclaims he, "does that enemy, whom I had crushed to the dust, again rear his head? A feeble party, whose only support is the daring rashness of a few chiefs, re-enter the career in which they were so lately vanquished: they emerge more formidable from the abysses of the ocean, where I was assured that the anger of heaven had buried them. Revolt rises from her tomb, and with audacious hand threatens to shake my throne! Nassau yet lives!—lives?—nay he arms, he creates, a fleet! The Batavians have risen! they are already victorious! What inimical power must then have concealed from Alva's eyes, as from mine, their projects and their enterprises? Surely I am not betrayed? . . . . .

"Let my squadrons instantly sail! Mistress of the seas, let Spain exterminate those rebels from the face of the ocean. Meantime, what measures shall I adopt? Shall I confide to other hands the task of avenging my insulted honor? or shall I, myself, head my warriors, and hurl my thunders on those guilty provinces? Shall I arm the hand of avarice against Nassau, who is the soul of the revolt? and will my treasures, liberally offered to who brings me his head, insure to me the destruction of so dangerous an enemy?—Tremble, ye rebels! on every side I'll surround you with the snares of death: I'll teach you to dread the very air that you breathe; nor shall you, even in the arms of friendship, be free from terror. Nassau! happily thy son is in my power:—this instant—the order is already given—I'll wound thee in thy second self, and inflict on thee, yet living, all the pangs of death!—But do you, my counsellors, speak your thoughts: your opinions may perhaps remove my irresolution."

"Powerful monarch!" said Granvelle—"avenger of our altars! if you had not given ear to perfidious entreaties—if you had not taken from my hand the sacred weapons with which it was armed—policy and religion, more efficacious than war, would have completely subjected to your sway the Batavian and the Belgian; nor should we at this moment need to deliberate on their future fate. Your clemency has only encouraged the revolt:

those people, on obtaining my recall from among them, insolently boasted that they had banished me to your court; and the triumphal acclamations, with which Brussels resounded at my departure, still echo in my ears.

"Pardon me, o king! for recalling that transaction to your remembrance: but *I* was not the sole object of those outrages. No! that was only the first step toward their subsequent revolt; and the Batavians have confirmed the maxim, that to resist the power of the minister is to disclaim the authority of the sovereign from whom that power emanated. I have seen rebellion first stealing into birth—I have seen it rapidly increase in strength: I have seen your laws trampled under foot, your sacred person insulted, our altars overthrown. And was not this the most daring effort of full-grown audacity? No! it was but her infant essay: she now stalks abroad uncontroled: she no longer knows any bounds, but already wrests from you entire provinces! Thus, unless their first attempts be repressed, the subjects become intractable, undermine and finally overturn the authority of a master, whose yoke alone could contain them within the limits of obedience, but which sits heavy on their reluctant shoulders—confer the sovereign power on one of their leaders—or, assuming it into their own hands, erect for themselves a throne.

"An eye-witness of the crimes of that people, I have seen them suffered to pass with too great a degree of impunity; and, from that early period, I foresaw the conflagration by which those first sparks would be followed. Do not enter into deliberation on the nature or the rigor of the punishment to be inflicted: haste to extinguish in blood the devouring fire; or I venture to predict, that, receiving additional fuel from the revolt of other nations, it will inflame both hemispheres. It is time to arrest rebellion in her impetuous career: let scaffolds, let the tremendous arms of religion, and the thunders of war, terrify her! Let all the guilty wretches whom heaven has delivered into your hands, be immediately sacrificed. Buren has hardly yet approached the age of manhood: but he is the son of Nassau, and, if he were not in your power, would at this moment be fighting by his father's side. His death, which the interest of the state loudly calls for, will be the first stroke of the arch-rebel's punishment.

"At the same time, great king! go yourself in person, and, at the head of your warriors, maintain the glorious title of Invincible. Prove to the universe that you are capable of governing—that you can render the true faith triumphant, and fight in defence of her altars, while she fights in support of your crown. At the bare display of your power, that delusive phantom, liberty, will vanish—a phantom, dangerous to the authority of kings, unless dissipated at the first moment when it appears to the eyes of the subject crowd. To you it belongs to dispel it from the universe, which otherwise it would soon lead astray. But let not my words delay you any longer: begin the work this moment; and, especially, let not the dictates of pity or clemency stop your hand. In less alarming times, the Spanish monarchs have shed torrents of blood in support of their dignity: and now, when the state is threatened by the most imminent danger—when the throne is invaded, and the thrones of all your

brother kings are insulted—when the altars of religion are overturned, and the glory of God himself is at stake—will you for a moment hesitate?"

This discourse, which flattered the passions of Philip, is applauded by the whole assembly—the hoary Figheroa excepted. He alone remained silent: but a signal from the monarch ordered him to deliver his opinion.

As, in former days, the aged oak, loaded with inscriptions, and shading the tombs of those whose birth it had witnessed, gave to posterity instructive lessons warning them against the errors of their predecessors, and was respected by sages, who looked up to it as prophetic—while insensate vice, disdaining to seek information in those records of past ages, rudely outraged its branches, already injured by the hand of time;—such, in the midst of the courtiers, appeared Figheroa. His temples were crowned with hoary honors; and, though chilled with the frost of age, which often extinguishes all feeling in the human bosom, tender humanity glowed in his heart, beamed on his countenance, and poured its soft accents from his lips. Seldom did Philip deign to ask his counsel; but, in the present conjuncture, he flatters himself that the senior, intimidated into compliance with his master's wishes, will not dare to speak in defence of the Batavians.

(To be continued.)

Notices of the LAPLANDERS.

FROM Mr. Murray's "Enquiries respecting the Character of Nations," we extract the following character of the Laplanders.

In a people so situated, we may naturally expect a disposition to seriousness and gloom. Melancholy is the child of solitude. Society and plenty, the great cheerers of human life, are both wanting. Alone with his family, the Laplander wanders on, with nothing but dreary wastes around him on every side. He meets with nothing to enliven his existence, or to break its monotony. Hence suicide is common; many are content, even thus, to escape from a life which presents only a cheerless unvaried round.

This combination of fear and melancholy naturally renders them liable to the influence of superstition. It is wonderful, considering their limited faculties in other respects, how complicated a mythology they have formed. Not only the earth, but two regions above, and two beneath, are all filled with their appropriate deities. A mystic drum, with the sounds which it utters, is their oracle, to which they resort on all occasions for advice and direction. And, what we should hardly expect, even in this small and poor society, are found men who endeavour to promote their own interest and consequence, by working on the fears and credulity of their fellow men. Lapland has been long the favorite abode of witches and conjurors, where powers above humanity are claimed by beings that are scarcely entitled to the epithet of human. The conjuror possesses power over the winds, which, like Æolus of old, he confines in bags, and sells at a high price to the credulous mariner. Invisible flies (suggested, probably, by the musquitoes, which, during the summer months, swarm in the forests of Lapland) are ever at hand to execute vengeance on those who have dared to offend him. He claims also, along with the rest of his fraternity, the power of foreseeing the future. Votaries resort to him, often from

a great distance, to whom, after receiving presents, and throwing himself into frightful contortions, he delivers oracles that are believed to be infallible.

Nor are timidity and gloom the only symptoms of this deficiency in the character of the Laplander. The benevolent affections, having so few objects on which to exert themselves, remain concentrated within himself; and a selfishness ensues, which excludes not only the social, but even the nearest relative affections. Of this a Swedish writer has adduced some instances, which seem to pass all comprehension. A Laplander having drowned himself, his wife was obliged to give six rein-deer to her father-in-law, before he would assist in the interment of his own son. Avarice, the vice of little minds, reigns even in Lapland. If a woman were deaf, blind, and a hundred years old, she is said to be certain of suitors, provided she possesses a plentiful supply of rein-deer. The small sums which they have gained by the sale of their furs, are often buried in the earth; and, as their reserved character prevents them from ever disclosing the place where they have been deposited, it is by accident only if the discovery be ever made.

Nor, though guiltlesss of deeds of violence, are they exempt from a certain impotent species of malignity. Slander and detraction are said to compose a favorite subject of their ordinary conversation. It is asserted also, that witchcraft is sometimes resorted to, in the hope of destroying their enemies by secret methods; though, as such relations are naturally mixed with fable, much reliance is not to be placed on them.

From Linnæus's Tour in Lapland, we add the following account of their mode of living.

These people eat a great deal of flesh meat. A family of four persons consumes, at least, one rein-deer every week, from the time when the preserved fish becomes too stale to be eatable, till the return of the fishing season. Surely they might manage better in this respect than they do. When the Laplander in summer catches no fish, he must either starve, or kill some of his rein-deer. He has no other cattle or domestic animals than the rein-deer and the dog: the latter cannot serve him for food in his rambling excursions; but whenever he can kill gluttons (*mustela gulo*), squirrels, martens, bears, or beavers, in short, any thing except foxes and wolves, he devours them. His whole sustenance is derived from the flesh of these animals, wild-fowl, and the rein-deer, with fish and water. A Laplander, therefore, whose family consists of four persons, including himself, when he has no other meat, kills a rein-deer every week, three of which are equal to an ox; he consequently consumes about thirty of those animals in the course of the winter, which are equal to ten oxen; whereas a single ox is sufficient for a Swedish peasant.

The Laplanders are altogether carnivorous. They have no vegetable food brought to their tables. They now and then eat a raw stalk of angelica, as we would eat an apple, and occasionally a few leaves of sorrel; but this, compared with the bulk of their food, is scarcely more than as one to a million. In spring, they eat fish; in winter, nothing but meat; in summer, milk and its various preparations. It may further be remarked, that salted food, which these people do not use, renders the body heavy.

Javanese Sports.

The most favorite diversions of the Javanese emperors are combats between wild beasts.

When a tiger and a buffalo are to fight for the amusement of the court, they are brought upon the field of combat in large cages. The field is surrounded by a body of Javanese, four deep, with levelled pikes, in order that, if the animals endeavour to break through, they may be killed immediately; this, however, is not so easily effected; but many of these poor wretches are torn to pieces, or dreadfully wounded, by the enraged animals.

When every thing is in readiness, the cage of the buffalo is first opened at the top, and his back is rubbed with certain leaves, which have the singular quality of occasioning an intolerable degree of pain, and which, from the use they are applied to, have been called buffalo-leaves. They sting like nettles, but much more violently, so as to cause an inflammation in the skin. On every vein they have sharp-pointed prickles, which are transparent, and contain a fluid that occasions the irritation. Dr. Thunberg says, it is a species of nettle, before unknown, to which he gave the name of *urtica stimulans*. The door of the cage is then opened, and the animal leaps out, raging with pain, and roaring most dreadfully.

The cage of the tiger is then opened, and fire is thrown into it, to make the beast quit it; which he does generally running backwards out of it.

As soon as the tiger perceives the buffalo, he springs upon him; his huge opponent stands expecting him, with his horns upon the ground: if the buffalo succeed in catching and throwing him into the air, and the tiger recovers from his fall, he generally loses every wish of renewing the combat: and if the tiger avoids this attempt of the buffalo, he springs upon him, and seising him in the neck, or other parts, tears his flesh from the bones: in most cases, however, the buffalo has the advantage.

The Javanese who must perform the dangerous office of making these animals quit their cages, may not, when they have done, notwithstanding they are in great danger of being torn to pieces by the enraged beasts, leave the open space, before they have saluted the emperor several times, and his majesty has given them a signal to depart; they then retire slowly, for they are not permitted to walk fast, to the circle, and mix with the other Javanese.

The emperors sometimes make criminals, condemned to death, fight with tigers. In such cases, the man is rubbed with *borri*, or turmeric, and has a yellow piece of cloth put round him; a dagger is then given to him, and he is conducted to the field of combat.

The tiger, who has for a long time been kept fasting, falls upon the man with the greatest fury, and generally strikes him down at once with his paw; but if he be fortunate enough to avoid this, and to wound the animal, so that it quits him, the emperor commands him to attack the tiger, and the man is then generally the victim: even if he ultimately succeed in killing his ferocious antagonist, he must suffer death, by command of the emperor.

An officer in the East India company's service, who had long resided at the courts of the Javanese emperors, once witnessed a most extraordinary occurrence of this kind. —A Javanese, who had been con-

demned to be torn to pieces by tigers, and for that purpose had been thrown down from the top into a large cage, in which several tigers were confined, fortunately fell exactly upon the largest and fiercest of them, across whose back he sat astride, without the animal doing him any harm. On the contrary, the tiger appeared intimidated; while the others also, awed by the unusual posture and appearance of the man, dared not attempt to destroy him. He could not, however, avoid the punishment of death, to which he had been condemned; for the emperor commanded him to be shot dead in the cage.

Notices of the Inhabitants *of New* Spain.

(From Major Pike's "Travels.")

For hospitality, generosity, docility, and sobriety, the people of New Spain exceed any nation perhaps on the globe; but in national energy, or patriotism, enterprise of character, and independence of soul, they are perhaps the most deficient. Yet there are men who have displayed bravery to a surprising degree, and the Europeans who are there, cherish with delight the idea of their gallant ancestry. Their women have black eyes and hair, fine teeth, and are generally brunettes. I met but one exception to this rule at Chilhuahua, of a fair lady, and she by way of distinction was called the girl with light hair. They are all inclining a little to *embonpoint*, but none, or few, are elegant figures. Their dresses are generally short jackets and petticoats, and high-heeled shoes, without any head-dress; over this they have a silk wrapper which they always wear, and, when in the presence of men, affect to bring it over their faces; but, as we approached the Atlantic and our frontiers, we saw several ladies who wore the gowns of our country-women, which they conceive to be more elegant than their ancient custom. The lower class of the men are generally dressed in broad-brimmed hats, short coats, large waistcoats and small-clothes, always open at the knees, owing, I suppose, to the greater freedom it gives to the limbs on horseback, a kind of leather boot or wrapper bound round the leg, somewhat in the manner of our frontier men's leggins, and gartered on. The boot is of a soft pliable leather, but not colored. In the eastern provinces the dragoons wear over this wrapper a sort of jack-boot made of seal leather, to which are fastened the spurs by a rivet, the gaffs of which are near an inch in length. But the spurs of the gentlemen and officers, although clumsy to our ideas, are frequently ornamented with raised silver-work on the shoulders, and the strap embroidered with silver and gold thread. They are always ready to mount their horses, on which the inhabitants of the internal provinces spend nearly half the day. This description will apply generally for the dress of all the men of the provinces, for the lower class: but in the towns, among the more fashionable ranks, they dress after the European or United States mode, with not more distinction than we see in our cities from one six months to another. Both men and women have remarkably fine hair, and pride themselves in the display of it.

Their amusements are music, singing, dancing, and gambling: the latter is strictly prohibited, but the prohibition is not much attended to. The dance of ——— is performed by one man and two women, who beat time to the music,

which is soft and voluptuous, but sometimes changes to a lively gay air, whilst the dancers occasionally exhibit the most indelicate gestures. The whole of this dance impressed me with the idea of an isolated society of once civilised beings, but now degenerated into a medium state, between the improved world and the children of nature. The fandango is danced in various figures and numbers. The minuet is still danced by the superior class only; the music made use of is the guitar, violin, and singers, who, in the first-described dance, accompany the music with their hands and voices, having always some words adapted to the music, which are generally of such a tendency as would, in the United States, occasion every lady to leave the room.

Their games are cards, billiards, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, the first and last of which are carried to the most extravagant lengths, the parties losing and winning immense sums. The present commandant general is very severe with his officers in these respects, frequently sending them to some frontier post, in confinement for months, for no other fault than having lost large sums at play.

At every town of consequence is a public walk, where the ladies and gentlemen meet and sing songs, which are always on the subject of love, or the social board. The females have fine voices, and sing in French, Italian, and Spanish, the whole company joining in the chorus. In their houses the ladies play on the guitar, and generally accompany it with their voices. They either sit down on the carpet cross-legged, or loll on a sofa. To sit upright in a chair appeared to put them to great inconvenience; and although the better class would sometimes do it on our first introduction, they soon demanded liberty to follow their old habits. In their eating and drinking they are remarkably temperate. Early in the morning you receive a dish of chocolate and a cake; at twelve you dine on several dishes of meat, fowls, and fish; after which you have a variety of confectionary, and indeed an elegant dessert; then drink a few glasses of wine, sing a few songs, and retire to take the siesta, or afternoon nap, which is done by rich and poor; and about two o'clock the windows and doors are all closed, the streets deserted, and the stillness of midnight reigns throughout. About four o'clock they rise, wash and dress, and prepare for the dissipation of the night. About eleven o'clock some refreshments are offered, but few take any, except a little wine and water, and a little candied sugar.

The government have multiplied the difficulties for Europeans mixing with the Creoles or Mestis, to such a degree, that it is difficult for a marriage to take place. An officer, wishing to marry a lady not from Europe, is obliged to acquire certificates of the purity of her descent for two hundred years back, and transmit them to the court; when the licence will be returned; but should she be the daughter of a person of the rank of captain or upwards, this nicety vanishes, as their rank purifies the blood of the descendents.

The general subjects of the conversation of the men are women, money, and horses, which appear to be the only objects, in their estimation, worthy of consideration. Having united the female sex with their money and their beasts, and treated them too much after the manner of the latter, they have eradicated from

their breasts every sentiment of virtue, or of ambition to pursue the acquirements which would make them amiable companions, instructive mothers, or respectable members of society. Their whole souls, with a few exceptions, like the Turkish ladies, are taken up in music, dress, and the little blandishments of voluptuous dissipation. Finding that the men only require these as objects of gratification to the sensual passions, they have lost every idea of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," which arise from the intercourse of two refined and virtuous minds, whose inmost thoughts are open to the inspection and admiration of each other, and whose refinements of sentiment heighten the pleasures of every gratification.

The beggars of the city of Mexico alone are estimated at sixty thousand souls: what must be the number through the whole kingdom? And what reason can it be owing to, that, in a country superior to any in the world for riches in gold and silver, producing all the necessaries of life, and most of its luxuries, there should be such a vast proportion of the inhabitants in want of bread and clothing? It can only be accounted for by the tyranny of the government, and the luxuries of the rich; the government striving, by all the local restrictions possibly to be invented, without absolutely driving the people to desperation, to keep Spanish America dependent on Europe.

"Take no Thought for the Morrow."

An unhappy translation!—The true meaning of the text is, "Be not *fretfully solicitous*," or "*miserably anxious*;" the verb, in the original, being derived from a word signifying "*anxious solicitude*," or "*fretful corroding care*."

Icelandic Women.

Mr. Hooker, in the Journal of his tour in Iceland, thus describes a group of the female natives, whom he found employed (with a much smaller number of men) in the operation of curing and drying fish.

"Most of this business was performed by women, some of whom were very stout and lusty, but excessively filthy." . . . . . . "The first peculiarity about the women, which strikes the attention of a stranger, is the remarkable tightness of their dress about the breast, where the jacket is, from their early infancy, always kept so closely laced, as to be quite flat; which, while it must be a great inconvenience to them, entirely ruins their figure in the eyes of those who come from a more civilised part of the world. Their dress is not otherwise unbecoming, and, from its warmth, must be well suited to the coldness of this climate. Upon their heads, in their working or common dress, they wear a blue woollen cap, with a long point, which hangs down by the side of the head, and is terminated by a tassel, nearly resembling such as is worn by many of our horse soldiers, in their undress uniform; and this tassel is often ornamented with silver wire. When they have this head-dress, their long and dirty hair is suffered to hang over the shoulders to a great length; but not so, when the *faldur*, or dress-cap, is worn: then the hair is carefully tucked up, so that none of it is seen." . . . . . . "Over a great number of coarse woollen petticoats, and a shirt of the same materials, they wear a thick petticoat, or rather gown without sleeves, (for there are two apertures for the arms) made of blue or black cloth, and fastened down the breast, either by lacing, or, as is more common, with silver

clasps*. A short jacket of the same, which has sometimes a little skirt, goes over this, and is fastened, likewise, about the breast with brass or silver clasps, or by lacing. Their stockings are of coarse wool, knitted and dyed black; and their shoes made of the skins of sheep or seals. Over the shoulders of many of them, on each side, were hanging thick ropes, made of horse-hair, coarsely braided, with a noose at the end, by which they carried the hand-barrows with fish." .... "As to the features of this group of ladies, the generality of them were, assuredly, not cast in nature's happiest mould; and some of the old women were the very ugliest mortals I had ever seen; but among the younger ones, there were a few who would be reckoned pretty, even in England; and, in point of fairness of complexion, an Iceland girl, who has not been too much exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, will stand the comparison with ladies of any country. They are generally of a shorter stature than our women, but have a good deportment, and, to judge from their appearance, enjoy an excellent state of health."

* This gown, as well as the petticoats, Mr. Hooker describes as very short—adding, that, otherwise, they would be "a great hindrance to their walking among the rocks"—and that he recollects "one old lady, a constant laborer on the beach, who never had her dress come lower than her knees."

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(*Continued from page* 541.)

JENNY began with a panegyric on the virtues of her late mistress—a subject, upon which she was particularly eloquent.—She was proceeding with great energy to relate her uncommon patience under the various trials which she had experienced, when Mrs. Montague interrupted her, by repeating her inquiry concerning the contents of the box.

"Ah! madam! I beg your pardon: but, whenever I talk of my dear lady, I never know when to stop.—The box, madam, contains, not only the poor little pittance which she left behind her, (which, alas! is but fifty pounds) but likewise the picture of her good-for-nothing husband—may all the plagues on earth for ever torment him!"—Here the symptoms of alarm, excited in Mrs. Montague's countenance by this sudden burst of unexpected virulence, convinced Jenny that she was wrong; and, immediately checking herself, "It contains also," she continued, in a milder tone, "some drawings of my late mistress—some letters—and a sealed paper, which will, at a proper time, inform Marina *who* her father is."

"Then Cavendish is not her real name?" said Mrs. Montague.

"No, madam, it is not," replied Jenny: "but I am bound by a solemn oath not to declare what that name is, till she has attained her one and twentieth year. It is sufficient for me to say, that the discovery could not at present be of any service to my dear child.—She knows she has a father living—knows, too, the cruelties of which he has been guilty towards her angel mother: and almost the last injunction she received from her, was, to avoid him, if possible (even when she did see him) till such time as he should consent to clear her mother's ruined reputation:—and of that injunction, while I have breath, I will perpetually remind her."

Mrs. Montague then questioned Jenny respecting the education of her young charge, and found that

the contracted circumstances of Mrs. Cavendish had obliged her to confine her daughter solely to her own instructions. Of French and Italian she was herself perfect mistress; and these languages Marina spoke fluently. Drawing also she had taught her; and such had been her wonderful progress in this art, that she had already sketched several beautiful landscapes: but of dancing and music she was totally ignorant:—the grace which distinguished itself in every movement, and the sweet warblings of her wild notes, were advantages which she derived from nature alone.

On the following day, application was made to Mr. Burnaby, for the names of those masters who taught the Miss Manbys; and, as soon as Mrs. Montague had obtained the desired information, a servant was immediately dispatched to the next town, to engage their attendance on Marina. She had been a fortnight at Sedley-House, when Mr. Burnaby announced his intention of introducing William and Caroline.

Though Marina had been always accustomed to the society of people much older than herself, and, from the natural gravity of her disposition, had never wished for any other, she was too much prepossessed in favor of William and Caroline Manby, (from the warm encomiums bestowed on them by her benefactress) not to feel more than usually interested upon this occasion. Her little heart dilated with pleasure; and her kind and considerate friend was no less delighted, in having obtained two such unexceptionable companions to amuse the leisure hours of her young favorite.

William was three months older than Marina: his fine countenance was the express image of his mind, open and ingenuous.—His sister Caroline was one year younger, and was the lively emblem of ease and good-humour.—While they continued in the neighbourhood, an evening seldom passed, without their seeing each other.

Five years had now elapsed since Marina's abode at Sedley-House, unmarked by any particular circumstance, save only the loss of Caroline's society, who had been gone some time, with the rest of Sir William Manby's daughters, to receive the advantages of a London education.—Marina had now reached her seventeenth year—adorned by all those graces "which charm the eye, and captivate the sense." She was idolised by Mr. and Mrs. Montague, who acknowledged themselves amply repaid for the pains and expense which they had bestowed on her education, by her unwearied attention to their happiness.

She was the delight and admiration of the whole village: her affability and condescension endeared her to the meanest cottager; and, as the liberality of her patrons left her without a pecuniary wish, she supplied the wants of the villagers with a munificence which drew forth many a fervent blessing.—These honest effusions of grateful acknowledgement Marina piously and emphatically answered, by directing their gratitude to the great original source of every earthly good.

She was known by the few who visited at Sedley-House, as an orphan, whom Mrs. Montague had adopted: and, for the first two or three months, this act of humanity was variously canvassed. Numberless were the reasons assigned for such an uncommon instance of generosity; and many did not scruple to insinuate that the disinterested conduct of Mrs. Montague arose

from motives which (though honorable to her) reflected disgrace on the character of Mr. Montague.—These insinuations reached not the peaceful inhabitants of Sedley-House, who, unconscious of the slander, were meditating in what manner they should introduce Marina into life.

Hitherto Mr. and Mrs. Montague had confined their visits within a very narrow circle: but the increasing beauty of Marina, and her various accomplishments, continually reproached them for thus burying in obscurity talents which were calculated to adorn the most polished society.—They therefore determined to alter their former plan—to extend the sphere of their acquaintance—and associate with their neighbours more than they had hitherto been accustomed to do.—Their intention was no sooner made known to Mr. Burnaby, than he joyfully announced it to all the neighbouring families, who, curious to behold this long-sequestered pair, and judge, by their own eyes, of the beauty of the fair stranger, eagerly took advantage of the information; and, the following week, Mrs. Montague's drawing-room was crowded with visitors. But their eyes sought in vain for the principal object of their curiosity. No Marina appeared.—Though they were all pleased with the good sense of Mr. Montague, and greatly admired the dignified ease of his lady, they would have been much more gratified by a sight of Marina, of whose perfections they had heard such encomiums as almost surpassed belief. A slight indisposition had confined her to her chamber; which proved a mortifying circumstance to Mrs. Montague, who would gladly have deferred the reception of her visitors: but the entreaties of Marina prevailed; and her protectress endeavoured, throughout the evening, to assume a cheerfulness which only Marina's presence could have realised.

Mr. Burnaby regretted her absence.—Attached to Mr. and Mrs. Montague, from a long and perfect knowledge of their worth, he was delighted with Marina, for having brought about an event which he had so ardently desired, viz. their return to that society, which they were formed to refine and improve.

He saw the growing attachment of his grandson to their amiable charge, with real satisfaction: and William was too amiable in his person and manners, not to possess a large share in the affections of Marina. Next to Mr. and Mrs. Montague, she loved William:—he was her constant companion: all his endeavours were exerted to please and amuse her; yet she never felt for him a more tender sentiment.

The Reading races were the scene of Marina's introduction to the *beau monde*. William was her partner at the ball, where, unconscious of the admiration which she excited, she was pained at perceiving that she alone was the object of general observation; and, modestly attributing it to the aukwardness of her carriage, she earnestly desired to return home; and Mrs. Montague complied, without being able to prevail on her to dance a minuet, in which the gracefulness of her figure would have displayed itself to still greater advantage.

Among the many who were captivated with the beauty of Marina, none more feelingly acknowledged the power of her charms than Mr. Tudway. He had beheld her for the first time at a friendly dinner, to which he was invited by Mr.

Montague, the week before the races. He had long been his companion in the field, and had frequently received invitations to Sedley-House: but the society of two such solitary beings had no charms for the volatile Tudway, till he learned from the voice of Fame the transcendent perfections of their adopted daughter, whom he saw, admired, and loved, before he was aware of the impression she had made on his heart.

He had solicited the honor of her hand at the ball, which William had previously engaged. William, however, was too young, in the estimation of Mr. Tudway, to be considered as a formidable rival: he therefore beheld, without emotion, the smiles which she lavished on her delighted partner.

Mr. Tudway was an only child; and his father had, by the sale of tea and sugar in the metropolis, accumulated a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds.—Mrs. Tudway was what the world styled a good sort of woman: she was the daughter of a linen-draper, and had married Mr. Tudway, in the early part of her life, without any other knowledge than what good housewifery had taught her.—Totally unacquainted with that refinement which marks the manners of the present age, one servant contented her; and she was perfectly satisfied to remain in Milk-Street, till Mr. Tudway left off business.—Her son received the first rudiments of his education at a school in Hereford: but, on finding their riches increase, they determined to make George a gentleman. He was accordingly sent to France; and, at the time of Mr. Montague's taking Sedley-House, old Tudway purchased an estate in the same neighbourhood, bought a post-chaise, and lived (to use Mrs. Tudway's expression) in a comfortable way. But neither the acquisition of wealth, nor his retreat from business, could correct the native vulgarity of old Tudway: he was the same at Strawberry-Hall, as he had been behind his counter in Milk-Street: and George, on his return from the continent, was not a little shocked by the narrowness of his father's ideas, and the coarseness of his language. Nevertheless, as young Tudway was neither a bad nor a vicious character, he behaved extremely well to both his parents, and, by his own liberality and good humour, extorted, even from pride itself, that personal respect and approbation, which not even his occasional levity and impetuosity ever diminished.

He communicated to his father his passion for Marina: and old Tudway, who was always for closing a bargain, did not long delay in the present instance. As soon as his son was gone out, he instantly ordered his chaise, and, in less than an hour, was at Mr. Montague's door.—He was ushered into the study, where Mr. Montague was sitting, ruminating on the events of his past life.—The unexpected sight of old Tudway roused him from his *reverie*; and, though he felt chagrined at his entrance, he received him with his usual politeness.—He had scarcely desired him to be seated, when, to his utter astonishment, the blunt citizen abruptly addressed him in the following curious strain—

(To be continued.)

The Contrast;
or, the Life *of a* Sailor.

How melancholy is the life of a sailor! From the first hour of embarkation, his habits and modes of life become essentially different from those of his brethren on shore. His habitation is not fixed, and

seems without foundation, now leaning to this side, now to that; acted upon by every wave and by every breath of wind. Even his food is unnatural, engenders diseases, and can be relished only through long habit. Often, for months, he does not behold the cheerful face of woman, nor green fields, nor cottages. So sad are the watery deserts which he traverses, that even a solitary and sterile land becomes to him an object of interest. At night he slumbers in a narrow hammock, from which, in the midst of dreams of home, he is often roused by the sound of danger. Rushing upon deck, he finds the vessel driving before the blast, or laid down upon her side by a sudden gale. The rest of the night is spent amidst cold and wet, and darkness, and storms. Even the morning light is hardly welcome, since it serves only to discover a turbulent and boundless ocean, in which he may possibly, ere long, be overwhelmed, and no sad memorial of him remain to tell his fate.

Yet, to some, how pleasant is the life of a sailor! For ever roving about, he enjoys, without care, that variety which the Epicurean so sedulously, and often so vainly, seeks, as alone capable of giving a zest to the pleasures of existence. The fruits, the productions, the manners, of distant climates, become to him as familiar as those of his own country. He sees nature under every aspect; and the widely varying races of mankind, the Chinese and the Negro, the Indian and the Malay, are brothers, with whom he has often conversed. It is the duty and the pride of a sailor to struggle with the tempest; which inures his mind and body to fatigue and danger. But storms do not always vex the surface of the deep, nor do clouds always darken the face of heaven. Favorable breezes at intervals bear him smoothly along. He sees the sun rise in all his glory from the eastern waves, and disappear in the evening as in a sea of fire. He contemplates with pleasure the tropical clouds, the rich and splendid colors of which bid defiance to the art of the painter, and awaken to admiration even the rudest mind. He alone, with his level horizon, can contemplate, in all its magnificence, the star-light canopy of heaven, or the moon reflected on every side from a thousand broken waves. Who would not undergo a few hardships and privations, to arrive at the enjoyment of objects so sublime? How pleasant is the life of a sailor!

A Visit *to the* PRESIDENT MONTESQUIEU.

IN the course of his continental travels, the late Earl of Charlemont (in company with an English gentleman) paid a visit to the celebrated author of the "*Esprit des Loix*," which is thus described in the noble traveller's own words—

"Arrived at Bordeaux, our first inquiry was concerning the President Montesquieu; but how great was our disappointment, when we found that he had left the city, and was gone to reside at a country seat, four or five hours distant. To leave our longing unsatisfied was truly mortifying to us; and yet what could be done? At length, after a long deliberation, we determined to strike a bold stroke; and, getting the better of all timidity, perhaps propriety, we sat down and wrote a joint letter: an answer quickly arrived, in every respect as we would have wished; and, the next morning, we set out so early, that we arrived at the President's villa before he was risen. The servant showed us into his library, where the first object of

curiosity that presented itself, was a table, at which he had apparently been reading the night before, a book lying upon it open, turned down, and a lamp extinguished. Eager to know the nocturnal studies of this great philosopher, we immediately flew to the book; it was a volume of Ovid's works, containing his elegies, and open at one of the most gallant poems of that master of love. Before we could overcome our surprise, it was greatly increased by the entrance of the President, whose appearance and manner was totally opposite to the idea which we had formed to ourselves of him; instead of a grave, austere philosopher, whose presence might strike with awe such boys as we were, the person who now addressed us was a gay, polite, sprightly Frenchman. . . . . . . Following him into the farm, we soon arrived at the skirts of a beautiful wood cut into walks, and paled round, the entrance to which was barricadoed with a movable bar, about three feet high, fastened with a padlock. "Come," said he, searching in his pocket, "it is not worth our while to wait for the key; —you, I am sure, can leap as well as I can, and this bar shall not stop me." So saying, he ran at the bar, and fairly jumped over it; while we followed him with amazement, though not without delight, to see the philosopher likely to become our playfellow. This behaviour had exactly the effect which he meant it should have: our conversation was now as free and as easy as if we had been his equals in years, as in every other respectable qualification. . . . .

"Having viewed every part of the villa, which was, as he had told us, altogether imitated from the English style of gardening, we returned to the house. Our dinner was plain and plentiful; and when, after having dined, we made an offer to depart, the President insisted upon our stay: nor did he suffer us to leave him for three days; during which time his conversation was as sprightly, as instructive, and as entertaining as possible."

The noble earl's acquaintance with the President did not end here: he again met him in a very different sphere—in the gay city of Paris, "where" (adds his lordship) "I was no sooner arrived, than Monsieur de Montesquieu, who had been there some days before me, most kindly came to see me: and, during the time of my abode in that metropolis, we saw each other frequently; and every interview increased my esteem and affection for him. I have frequently met him in company with ladies, and have been as often astonished at the politeness, the gallantry, and sprightliness of his behaviour. In a word, the most accomplished, the most refined *petit-maître* of Paris could not have been more amusing from the liveliness of his chat, nor could have been more inexhaustible in that sort of discourse which is best suited to women, than this venerable philosopher of seventy years old."

PEARLS, *and the* PEARL-FISHERY.

IN Persia, the pearl is employed for less noble ornaments than in Europe: there it is principally reserved to adorn the water-pipes, the tassels for bridles, some trinkets, the inlaying of looking-glasses and toys, for which indeed the inferior kinds are used; or, when devoted more immediately to their persons, it is generally strung as beads, to twist about in the hand, or as a rosary for prayer.

It has been often contested, whether the pearl in the live oyster is as

hard as it appears in the market; or whether it acquires its consistence by exposure. A gentleman, who had been encamped near the place where the pearl-fishery was carried on—and who had often bought the oysters as they came out of the water—has declared that he had opened the shell immediately, and, when the fish was still alive, had found the pearl already hard and formed. He had frequently also cut the pearl in two, and ascertained it to be equally hard throughout, in layers, like the coats of an onion. But Sir Harford Jones, who has had much knowledge of the fishery, has been heard to declare, that it is easy, by pressing the pearl between the fingers, when first taken out of the shell, to feel that it has not yet attained its ultimate consistency. A very short exposure, however, to the air gives the hardness. The two opinions are easily reconcilable by supposing, either a misconception in language of the relative term "*hard*"—by which one authority may mean every thing in the oyster which is not gelatinous, while the other would confine it more strictly to the full and perfect consistency of the pearl—or by admitting that there may be an original difference in the character of the pearl; there being two different species, the yellow and the white.

The fish itself is fine eating; nor indeed, in this respect, is there any difference between the common and the pearl oyster. The seed pearls, which are very indifferent, are arranged round the lips of the oyster, as if they were inlaid by the hand of an artist. The large pearl is nearly in the centre of the shell, and in the middle of the fish.

The fishermen always augur a good season of the pearl, when there have been plentiful rains; and so accurately has experience taught them, that, when corn is very cheap, they increase their demands for fishing. The connexion is so well ascertained, (at least so fully credited, not by them only, but by the merchants) that the prices paid to the fishermen are, in fact, always raised, when there have been great rains.

The divers seldom live to a great age. Their bodies break out in sores, and their eyes become very weak and blood-shot. They can remain under water five minutes; and their dives succeed one another very rapidly, as by delay the state of their bodies would soon prevent the renewal of the exertion. They oil the orifice of the ears, and put a horn over their nose. In general life they are restricted to a certain regimen, and to food composed of dates and other light ingredients. They can dive from ten to fifteen fathoms, and sometimes even more; and their prices increase according to the depth. The largest pearls are generally found in the deepest water, as the success on the bank of Kharrack, which lies very low, has demonstrated. From such depths, and on this bank, the most valuable pearls have been brought up.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page 373.*)

BAYLE has somewhere said, that "courtiers are like lacqueys—muttering among themselves about their wages and their perquisites, complaining of the petulance of their masters, and abusing them."—Lord Halifax has remarked, that "courts are nothing more than a crowd of consequential paupers, and right honorable beggars."—Another remark of his is, "that the man who has not a superfluity of wit and courage upon occasion, will often find that he has not enough."

POETRY.

Verses written in DECEMBER.
By Mr. WEBB,
Author of "Haverhill," &c.

THE roses are faded, that painted my walks,
And loaded with balm the fresh air.
How void of attraction appear the rude stalks,
Of blossoms and foliage bare!

Sweet Philomel long has forsaken yon spray,
And flown to fair regions of spring:
Ah! why, sullen throstle, forbear thy soft lay?
Why cease, thou gay sky-lark, to sing?

The treasures of autumn are swept from the plains:
The fruitage is pluck'd from each tree:
The eye of the world is close shrouded, nor deigns
To look on poor nature, and me.

Though nature is stripp'd of her verdant attire,
And winter can yield no delight,
My Muse from the willows will take down her lyre,
And sing in the season's despite.

Sweet soothing companion, complacent and kind!
All hail to thy heart-cheering pow'r,
That chases the fog which envelops the mind,
And shortens December's long hour!

Thy smiles can illume the fair brow of success,
And the pangs of keen want can assuage,
The season of youth, life's gay spring-tide, can bless,
And warm the cold winter of age.

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*
By J. M. LACEY,
Author of "The Farm-House," &c.

The DRESS-MAKER'S *Invocation to* FASHION.

FASHION! dear arbitrary Goddess!
Who reign'st supreme o'er female dress,
Whether 'tis shawl, gown, cap, or bodice,
Yet true it is, though true it odd is,
All will, in all, thy pow'r confess.

Thee I invoke: and, while invoking,
I pray thee, lend a partial ear;
For, truly, it would be provoking,
That you should think me only joking:—
Of that, great Goddess! there's no fear.

Grant, then, that dress may have its changes
As often as the varying moon;
And be its deviating ranges
To Russia now, and now the Ganges—
To Spain, and eke to Scanderoon.

Let each kind fancy-loving fair one
Travel, in thought, from zone to zone,
To seek some fashion new, some rare one,
Which, if it did not please, would scare one,
If but by oddity alone.

And, as their pretty whims shall waver,
Grant, Goddess great! oh! grant to me—
Nor deem that I'm a saucy craver—
Still to retain each lady's favor;
For which, all praise I'll give to thee.

Teach me to fit well:—that will flatter:—
Fitting procures a name for taste—
Makes stout look thin, and thin look fatter:
For, though it seems a trifling matter,
Much may depend upon a waist.

Make me thy priestess, Goddess charming!
And let my room thy temple be.
Thither send all thy vot'ries swarming:
Their numbers ne'er can be alarming,
Since they, of course, must deal with me.

Then o'er my door, in letters glowing,
I'll tell the world that thou'rt my friend;
Thy goodness and my thanks thus showing;
Fortune may follow—there's no knowing—
And give my hopes their wish'd-for end.

The MIDNIGHT STORM.

'TIS midnight; and the tempest's bitter breath
Sweeps o'er the bending pine in awful tone.
Its ravings seem the harbingers of death,
And fill the mind with mis'ry not its own.

Where shall the seaman hide his aching head?
Where shelter from the storm that fills the sky?
No comfort waits him: ev'ry hope seems fled;
And terror tells him he shall quickly die!

His palsied arm forgets its wonted pow'rs:
His once-firm mind an infant weakness knows,
As home, and all its round of happy hours—

As love remember'd through his bosom glows.

Heard ye the awful scream that fill'd the blast? [gloom!—
It spoke a shipwreck!—Now 'tis silent
The seaman's hour of hope at length is past; [tomb!
And death consigns him to a wat'ry
J. M. LACEY.

The INQUIRY.

SAY, lovely maid, why falls that tear,
Or wherefore heaves that sigh?
What sorrow can my charmer fear,
When her lov'd Edwin's nigh?

Hast thou, dear maid, a woe conceal'd,
A care unshar'd by me—
By me, whose thoughts are all reveal'd
So candidly to thee?

Too sure, thou hast; or why this grief?
Why turn those eyes away?
Oh! speak! and give this heart relief,
To wretchedness a prey.

Oh! speak! and all thy griefs impart;
Thy ev'ry care disclose.
You sweetly own'd I had your heart:—
Then let me share its woes.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

The Female MENDICANT; *a Fragment. From the* GILSLAND ALBUM.

SHE pass'd me twice, ere she could supplicate.— [pale woe,
She seem'd no common mendicant:—
That fed upon her cheek, had not subdu'd
The loftiness of soul that fill'd her eye,
Though 'twas o'ercast: and, as she *me* survey'd [mildly said,
With doubting gaze, that eye said—
"'Tis hard to beg."
I stopp'd, and question'd her.—
The mite I gave, seem'd to have wak'd the thought [gush'd forth,
That few had been so kind: and tears
Which hastily she wip'd, as though she scorn'd
Vain pity to excite, or yield to aught
Of needless feeling.—"The unfortunate,"
She said, "think, each, *their* lot the bitterest: [me,
And mine, perhaps, seems bitterer to
Than neutral reason would admit."—
Again
She thank'd me meekly, and proceeded.
My heart was strangely mov'd:—I follow'd her:
I urg'd her further to disclose her tale,
To let me sooth her.—Pity warmer grew:—
I promis'd to redress her wrongs—to be
Her future friend and guide.
Steadfast she gaz'd
Upon me, as I spoke.—Her pale cheek glow'd:
A sudden lustre kindled in her eye:—
The maid appear'd to take another form.
No more the mendicant—her air was as
The forest oak, recov'ring from the storm. [me,
"Many there are," she said, "would pity
Thus fall'n: but art *thou* he,
Who would have spar'd that fall?
Oh! poor is pity, when it comes too late."
My poor, forsaken, long-lost Rosalind!—
.... Oh! 'twas she! 'twas she, who now,
With a disdain too proud for anger, with
The conscious triumph of superior mind ...... [er—
Refus'd the friendship of a false betray-
His penitence refus'd to trust—
Bade him adieu, and fled.
Not backward was my speed; and I o'ertook her.
Her energies were all exhausted!—
Pale, trembling, breathless—death hung o'er her face. [gay.)—
(When first I saw that face, 'twas fair and
I caught the tott'ring ruin.—Oh! 'twas I,
Had undermin'd it!—Justly punish'd,
'Twas I, receiv'd its fall!—
Ne'er since has gladness reach'd my soul.

The three OFFS,
or BONAPARTÉ'S FLIGHT.

BRAVE Kutus-*off*, and Plat-*off* too,
Are names quite free from scoff, Sir;
But of the *third*, pray, what think you,
Now Bonaparté's *off*, Sir?

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